The Nation. March 24, 1979 $1

EDITORIAL

BANNING THE BOMB STORY

Not knowing the contents of *The Progressive* article about the hydrogen bomb puts us at a disadvantage in discussing the ban on its publication. But that is a main objection to prior restraints: they allow the Government to monopolize the debate.

Given what we do know, we support *The Progressive*. We think the courts need not reach the ultimate question of whether prior restraints are ever permissible, to agree that they are certainly impermissible absent a showing that "disclosure . . . will surely result in direct, immediate, and irreparable damage to our Nation or its people," in Justice Potter Stewart's words. As case after recent case has taught us, the Government promiscuously alleges that such damage will take place but, to date, it has never been able to prove it. At a minimum, therefore, the judge could have appointed independent experts to advise him whether *The Progressive* article would provide anyone who has the resources to build a hydrogen bomb with information, otherwise not available to him, that he could use to build it. *The Progressive* was not purveying a Handy Home Bomb-Making Kit.

In the Pentagon Papers case, Justices William Douglas and Hugo Black disagreed with Justice Stewart and asserted that the First Amendment "leaves . . . no room for governmental restraint on the press." While that is our reading, too, we suspect that the best way for the courts to consider *The Progressive* case is simply to stop relying exclusively on Government expertise. They should then find that the only "direct, immediate, and irreparable damage" in this case is not the remote possibility that an Idi Amin will build an H-bomb but, rather, the damage done to freedom of speech by prior restraint.

HUMAN RIGHTS IN IRAN

BLUNDER OUT OF CHINA
O. Edmund Clubb

LETTERS FROM BELFAST
Jack Holland

SECRET JUDGESHIPS

ORIENTALISM
Arthur Gold

'REAL LIFE' 'NORMA RAE'
Robert Hatch

'AMERICA'S CUBA'

CAN SADAT SURVIVE CAMP DAVID?

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Peace has broken out in the Middle East. You could tell it by the violent Palestinian demonstrations on the West Bank and the black maledictions issuing from Yasir Arafat's camp. Carter's laying of "the cornerstone of a comprehensive peace settlement" was, justifiably, better received than his New Foundation, but the diplomatic edifice rising up on the shifting sands is a kind of American-Israeli-Egyptian triangular pyramid. That is, three walls leaning on one another; if one is weak, all fall down. With this in mind, let us consider the Egyptian part of the structure. A good place to start our soundings is Groppi's cafe in downtown Cairo.

As you leave Groppi's (reminding yourself that it was in an upstairs room there that Adolf Eichmann met with extreme Zionists before the war and discussed shipping German Jews to Palestine), you sometimes see a token manifestation—a banner strung across the other side of the street. It is the banner of Egypt's National Progressive Unionist Party, and one says "sometimes" because every now and then the police come along and take it down. But the office of an opposition party is there (which is quite something by the standards of an Arab world capital these days), and a real political party inhabits it. I chanced to be there at a time when the police did come, and either confiscated or destroyed all the party's leaflets attacking the arrival of the Shah of Iran. It was a useful episode, because it illustrated in miniature the failure

(Continued on Page 306)

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LETTERS.

RIGHT TO PRIVACY?

Dedham, Mass.
You score only a fair point in stating that Nelson Rockefeller's privacy ought to have been protected, even after death ["Last Rights," *The Nation*, Feb. 17]. I recall in particular a news conference he called while Vice President and some, like myself, supposed he might announce a matter of substance. Instead, he told the assembled horde that his wife would undergo a mastectomy. I know he loved his wife, but he positively exulted in publicizing matters that I would have supposed were more properly kept within the family.

Florian Weissenborn

Baltimore
You are so correct. Public figures do have the right to minimal privacy. But when they parade their private lives as virtuous and then are found to be hypocrites, their loss of privacy is warranted. Paper, print and human energy are precious: *The Nation* should not waste those resources on printing editorials such as this one.

Miriam Mary Wallace

SHI'IA LANDLORDS

Savannah, Ga.
Richard Falk["Iran's Home-Grown Revolution," *The Nation*, Feb. 10] says "The Shi'ia tradition within Islam identifies the religious life directly with the struggle against oppression and for social justice." How did the Shi'ia religious stack up as landlords before the Shah took their lands from them?

Stanley A. Bowes

FINAL ABORTION DEBATE?

Milwaukee
Aryeh Neier's editorial, "Theology and the Constitution" [*The Nation*, Dec. 30, 1978], is so fraught with circular logic that it demands a reply. Although Neier made some perfectly reasonable observations, . . . his logic failed him when he claimed that the Congress acted unconstitutionally by implementing the Hyde Amendment. He was able to give no reason for the Hyde Amendment's unconstitutionality except that it was supported by Catholics and others who believe that the unborn have constitutional rights too, notwithstanding the Supreme Court's decision in *Roe* v. *Wade*.

As an attorney actively involved in the *McRae* litigation, I strenuously contend that the tactics employed by the A.C.L.U., the Center for Constitutional Rights and other organizations are no less than an attack on Catholics. . . . Civil courts are not constitutionally permitted to decide whether a view is or is not "inherently" religious, as the plaintiffs' attorneys in *McRae* have claimed. The Hyde Amendment, like any other law, must be judged on its face or in its application; evidence concerning its political support is irrelevant. . . .

If a law is democratically enacted, the identity or motivation of its sponsors is irrelevant. If those factors were to become a litmus test of constitutionality, the courts and the so-called "civil libertarians" in *McRae* will have reduced democracy to a caste system in which one group is privileged to have its view made into law, while others are disqualified from doing so because the "mainstream" disagrees. . . .

Millions of Americans do not want to pay for the abortions of others—poor or rich. Their consciences forbid it, and they have a right to refuse. Unless the A.C.L.U., Planned Parenthood, and the Center for Constitutional Rights can find some reason to point their fingers at Catholics apart from a distaste for their moral views on abortion, Neier can rest assured that we will continue to cry "foul play" when *anyone* attempts to deprive us of our rights or political victories. We are simply sick and tired of having our views held up to public or legal ridicule through a charge that they are "unconstitutional."

Robert A. Destro, General Counsel
Catholic League for
Religious and Civil Rights

New York City
When Destro asserts that the "courts are not constitutionally permitted to decide whether a view is or is not 'inherently' religious," he is telling us that they were not empowered to prohibit financial aid to religious schools; that they could not prohibit religious practices in the public schools, and that they could not strike down laws prohibiting the teaching of evolution. In short, it is Destro's view that the courts cannot enforce the clause of the First Amendment prohibiting laws respecting an establishment of religion.

I have more sympathy for Destro's argument that conscientious objectors to abortion shouldn't have to pay for it. Unfortunately, the Congress did not choose that path—perhaps for fear that other taxpayers (like me) would find a host of governmental programs to which they conscientiously object and which they would refuse to support through their taxes.

Aryeh Neier

PEN REQUEST

Through the office of the Freedom-to-Write Committee of the PEN American Center, Allen Ginsberg has initiated a study of the influence of Government in the life of writing in this country since World War II. . . . This report will focus on the intrusion of Government in the intellectual life of this country. It will discuss the possible infringement on First Amendment rights of writers and publishers in the United States.

For the purposes of this report, we would appreciate hearing from anyone who has information concerning the interference of any Government agency in the writing, publishing or distribution of a work. In addition, any information concerning Government participation in the work of independent cultural foundations or institutions would also be greatly appreciated. Please contact Geoffrey Rips, Freedom-to-Write Committee, PEN American Center, 47 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003.

MORE BENTSEN SUPPORT

San Antonio
Many Senators have been criticized recently for the caliber and balance of their lists of nominees for appointment to the Federal judiciary. Lloyd Bentsen has been unfairly included in these criticisms ["Bentsen's Choice," by Dorothy J. Samuels and James A. Goodman, *The Nation*, Feb. 3].

Senator Bentsen's recent list of ten nominees included one Mexican-American, one black and two women. His screening committee was chaired by a woman.

While it is important that he take steps to correct the imbalance in favor of white males that exists in the judicial system, it would be impossible for the Senator to please everyone. . . . In my opinion, Senator Bentsen's continuing efforts toward a qualified and balanced Federal judiciary in Texas should be recognized and applauded.

Francille L. Radmann
Chairperson, Bexar County
Women's Political Caucus

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EDITORIALS.

Human Rights In Iran

As could be expected, cleavages in the Ayatollah Khomeini's movement have appeared in the aftermath of the revolution. Less than a month after becoming Prime Minister, Mehdi Bazargan has edged to the brink of resignation. He has made no attempt to hide his pique and frustration with the continuing domination of the political landscape by the Komiteh, the secret revolutionary council that presides over the thousands of committees that have sprung up in mosques, factories and neighborhoods during the final stages of the revolution and is directly accountable only to Khomeini. Slightly less blatantly than was the case during the Bakhtiar interregnum (which was tainted by its association with the Shah), real power is being withheld from the formal structures of Government.

Why is this so? After all, unlike Bakhtiar, Bazargan assumed his role with the full blessings of Khomeini. He was all along a revolutionary militant and was, in addition, a devoted advocate of Islamic Government. At the same time, quite possibly for reasons of external image, including a preoccupation with the specter of American intervention, Bazargan selected a Cabinet so moderate, secular and Westernized that it offended various elements of the revolutionary movement.

The armed-struggle groups felt excluded from the governing process despite the important role they played in the victory. It was the military pressure mounted by the Fedayeen and Mujahedeen that brought about the collapse of the armed forces in early February sooner than had been foreseen. To these progressive militants the Bazargan Cabinet represented a virtual betrayal of the social goals of the revolution. They did not fight and die for so many years to promote the programs of the national bourgeoisie.

More important, perhaps, was the need to appease quickly the sense of outrage among the populace.

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After enduring so many atrocities by the Shah's regime, it thirsted after vindication. Those most responsible for crimes against the Iranian people have been tried, prosecuted and executed swiftly, under the auspices of the judicial arm of the Komiteh without the knowledge and acquiescence of Bazargan. Here, one hopes that the revolutionary insistence on summary justice, although repugnant to normal standards of due process, may have staved off a far bloodier round of private vengeance. So far, at any rate, less than forty former Pahlevi officials have been executed, and with only one possible exception, each was prominently associated with the worst excesses of state power in the Shah's era.

And, finally, obviously Khomeini and his Komiteh were concerned about the Islamic content of their revolution and were not willing to leave its assertion at this stage to the Bazargan leadership. There have been incidents of execution for homosexual rape and flogging for theft and alcohol consumption, although only a few and almost all in the provinces where Islamic fundamentalism is more operative. At the center, there has been a struggle mounted around the issue of the status of women. To Western liberals it has confirmed their worst fears about the fanatical character of the Khomeini movement. Yet the evidence is mixed. Demonstrations have been organized by women, their consciousnesses raised, their voices heard. For the moment, at any rate, Khomeini has backed down, throwing his weight behind the moderate views of the Ayatollah Talaghani, even saying that wearing the chador is voluntary.

The struggle between Bazargan and the Komiteh plays out a scenario common to every revolution. As the Harvard historian Crane Brinton observed some decades ago in *The Anatomy of Revolution*: "The struggles between the moderates and the extremists . . . begin almost as soon as the dramatic overthrow of the old regime is effected." Although the more extreme elements usually prevail in revolutionary situations, it is too early to tell what will happen in Iran. Surely, the referendums and elections on March 30 will produce a new Constitution and governing process. Everything so far has been provisional, amidst exceptional turmoil.

Before rushing in with a negative verdict on the Iranian revolution, let us remember the bloody tyranny that preceded Khomeini and the repressiveness of regimes elsewhere in the region. What are we to make of those liberal journalists now decrying Iran's alleged relapse into the Dark Ages, who managed such an exquisite silence during the Shah's thirty-eight years of brutal rule? And where are the recent editorial displays of indignation about the routine severing of hands that goes on in Saudi Arabia? Do human rights reflect, after all, the whims of the Seven Sisters and their enormous retinue of followers? And when will liberals like Anthony Lewis (see *The New York Times*, March 12), who correctly identify human rights violations, get the additional point that non-Western cultures will have to make their own way to humane government, without the benefit or detriment of Anglo-American paternalism?

Fish Story

Fans of New York's new "people school" of journalism were regaled recently with the Frozen Turbot Affair. Readers who live beyond the Hudson River should pay close attention to the summary of this incident since it is so parochially New York chic, New York journalism, New York food-writing establishment.

It all began when *The New Yorker* ran a profile by that superlative literary journalist John McPhee about a chef the author dubbed Otto. Why McPhee used this *nom de cuisine* was a bit obscure; however, Otto was described as a chef supreme who operated a little restaurant out in the sticks known to a select few patrons, so we can surmise that he did so on the sound New York principle of not ruining that wonderful little restaurant you've discovered by telling everybody about it.

That of course is what Mimi Sheraton, the superb and redoubtable food critic of *The New York Times* does, since it's her business to discover wonderful little restaurants and write about them in *The Times*, with the result that Manhattan restaurant buffs descend in droves and turn the help and owners surly and the prices upward. Anyhow, Sheraton and her colleague, the elegant wine reporter Frank Prial, thought Otto too good to be true—especially since *they'd* never heard of anybody of that description. So they set out to find him, and on a dark and stormy night they did—at his new restaurant in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

Well, Sheraton found the snails and veal birds at Otto's (his real name is Lieb) almost beneath comment, while Prial was not amused by Otto's naive little domestic burgundies. Not to mention the bowls of peanuts and corn chips on the tables in the cocktail lounge. It was a long way from Lutece.

Oh yes, Lutece. Lutece is a superlative *haut prix* Manhattan restaurant with a three- or four-star rating, we forget which, and its chef and owner had also read McPhee's article with some animus. In one scene, the author joined Otto for lunch at Lutece, and in the course of an excellent repast, Otto observed, re the turbot he was consuming, "The turbot is delicious, very fresh, perfectly cooked. My guess is that it was frozen." *Frozen*! By the sainted Escoffier, what a terrible thing to say! The owner-chef of Lutece promptly sent the article back to *The New Yorker*'s editorial kitchen, presided over by the beloved editor, William Shawn. He never served frozen turbot, the chef said.

Well, all this made not only Prial and Sheraton's articles, but provided several items for *The Times*'s Notes on People column as well. The tenor was that *The New Yorker*'s vaunted fact-checking *apparat* had

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nodded, to allow such an error to go through. What was not explained was why the accurate reporting of Otto's "guess" was an error. *The New York Post* got into the act, accusing *The New Yorker* of making a "grudging" correction in its March 12 issue.

We wonder, however, if the Great Frozen Turbot Case isn't a garden-variety red herring. Or, perhaps, did it have something to do with the rather critical (to management) articles on the New York newspaper strike that ran in *The New Yorker*? The answer to that mystery we shall probably never know.

Right of Asylum

An important human rights case comes to trial on April 3 in Houston, when the Government moves to deport Hector Marroquin to Mexico. A 25-year-old student leader, trade unionist and Socialist, Marroquin seeks political asylum here. If deported, he faces jail, torture and possible death.

If Marroquin wins, he will be the first Mexican granted political asylum in this country—and a historic precedent will be set for thousands of political refugees seeking asylum from the right-wing dictatorships of Haiti, Nicaragua, the Philippines, Argentina and Chile. These refugees, unlike those from Communist nations, have normally been turned down by our Government.

Marroquin became politically active after the Mexican Government's massacre of 500 demonstrators on the eve of the 1968 Olympics. Later, while a college student, he offended Mexican officials by helping to organize marches for democratic rights. He and three other students were falsely accused of committing a terrorist assault, and a newspaper sought to link him to a murder case.

Two of the three students were later assassinated by the police and the third was kidnapped. Convinced that he could not get a fair trial, Marroquin fled, got work in Texas and asked for asylum. He has since become active in a Teamster organizing drive and has joined the Young Socialist Alliance and Socialist Workers Party.

Several of Marroquin's co-workers in Houston corroborate that he was there at the time he was supposedly committing crimes in Mexico. Medical testimony confirms he was in a hip-to-toe cast in Galveston, following a car accident, when he was supposedly launching a Mexican guerrilla attack.

When the Immigration and Naturalization Service turned down Marroquin's request for asylum on December 21, 1978, it based its decision on an advisory opinion of the State Department which, in turn, was derived from the State Department's Report on Human Rights of the previous year, denying that there was serious repression in Mexico. In its latest report the State Department admits that there is repression. By its own logic, the I.N.S. should reverse its ruling.

Last September, an amnesty was declared by the Mexican Government for some of its political prisoners. A Government list of 160 prisoners eligible for amnesty included Marroquin's name. Yet the amnesty applies only to prisoners facing Federal charges, not state charges as in Marroquin's case. Neither Marroquin nor his attorney, Margaret Winter, has ever been informed of the charges against him.

Letters urging asylum for Hector Marroquin should be sent to Leonel Castillo, director of Immigration and Naturalization Service, Washington, D.C. 20536. Contributions to defray Hector's legal costs may be sent to the Marroquin Defense Committee, P.O. Box 843 Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 (telephone: 691-3587). JAMES COCKCROFT

James Cockcroft is a professor of sociology at Rutgers University.

Yemen Questions

It would be premature and alarmist to dub the United States' increased involvement in the Yemen war Carter's Gulf of Aden Affair. Let us be premature and alarmist.

The decision to rush an additional $390 million in arms to North Yemen on top of a previous $100 million shipment (see "War in Yemen," *The Nation*, March 10)—plus American military advisers, plus a naval task force—was a precipitate, unilateral Presidential stroke, taken after minimal consultation with Congress (mainly a March 6 breakfast meeting).

The President apparently acted on the eve of his departure for Cairo, and evaded the sixty-day waiting period required by the 1976 Arms Control Act by invoking national security. Congress was handed no Gulf of Tonkin blank check to endorse, but it has let itself in for a *fait accompli*. Senator Frank Church was said to have asked but one question of the Pentagon emissary sent up to justify the action. Later, Representative Les Aspin was heard to wonder if the United States' role in the area was being increased "without a great deal of thought."

Among the thoughts that should be thought: Had the United States given peace a chance, as Carter, that same week, was asking the Israelis to do? Had we adequately supported the Arab League's mediation efforts in progress? Was there really a serious Soviet threat to Saudi Arabia from South Yemen? Could it be that the threat the Saudis perceive is equally from the Yeminis working within their borders as laborers, and indeed from North Yemen itself, in whose tangled tribal rivalries it has been meddling? In short, will the augmented American presence draw in more Soviet-Cuban advisers and expand this local conflict into a wider war? Just asking. Somebody should.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Let it never be said that the competitive fever has entirely abated: it remains gruesomely intense in certain consumer sectors of marginal social importance. Note the current ferocious competition to develop the "driest," *ergo* the best, body deodorant. Millions are being invested; it is a war to the death. But are these millions being invested to develop new chemical processes? Hardly. The bulk of the money is being spent in market research, to test slogans and appeals, to check out the biases and preferences of particular groups. It is a war of images and words being waged on the tube and in the print media. What is being exploited—presumably—is a growing worldwide phobia about B.O. To some extent, no doubt, this phobia has a basis in fact. More and more people work, live and associate in fairly close quarters, in elevators, offices, apartment complexes, airplanes and the like. But basically the passion for fragrance has been evoked by massive advertising.

Or consider the unrelenting competition among pet-food makers (described in *The Wall Street Journal*, February 22). Pet-food makers are fighting "like cats and dogs" to dominate the market or, more accurately, various new markets. Pet foods have grown more and more specialized. Dog owners can now select special brands for old dogs, young dogs, fat dogs, city dogs and suburban dogs. One company seeks to market a canned birth-control dog food. The pet-food market is enormous: sales totaled more than $3.1 billion last year. Today dog and cat dinners fill 210 feet of shelf space in the average supermarket: up more than 30 percent in the last five years and larger than any other grocery category, including such perennial favorites as soft drinks, candy and breakfast cereals. Here again it is possible to think of reasons to account for the fact that pet-food sales have been growing at nearly 4 percent a year while overall grocery sales have remained fairly stable. As more and more Americans eat out, there are fewer scraps for pets, so say certain executives. Others say that since young married couples are having children later, pets make "a nice baby substitute" until the children arrive. Oddly enough, the total dog and cat population is unknown; some say the total is fairly stable, others that it is rapidly expanding. According to the *Journal* story, one estimate has it that there are 52 million dogs and 36 million cats but the estimate, standing by itself, is meaningless. To what extent is the proliferation of special brands simply a gimmick to appeal to potential customers? One company makes a product that is dyed a meaty red although dogs are colorblind. By inference, beef is supposedly used in some products but most use oxen lips, cow udders and cattle lungs. Millions of dollars—but millions—are constantly poured into the mad race to dominate the pet-food market in a competition that grows more hectic season by season.

At the same time, the battle for dominance in the $21-billion-a-year fast-food-chain market grows steadily more frenetic. At the moment, three chains top the list: McDonald's, with more than 5,000 stores worldwide, Burger King with 2,500 and Wendy's with 1,400 but coming up fast. Other chains enter the sweepstakes, fail to keep pace, and then drop out. The competition is deadly. Last year McDonald's spent $200 million on advertising. Just what, one wonders, is the net social gain measured in terms of the production of real wealth? Does the intense competition in these peripheral consumer industries represent a kind of social waste? In the end, most of this competition seems to be pointless. Already pet-food sales are beginning to decline despite the TV hype, and it may well be that the fast-food-chain mania has begun to subside.

But let no one think that this bloodthirsty competition at the edges of the economy is confined to pet foods, fast-food chains and body deodorants. On the international scene, a similarly intense competition is being waged between Japanese and Swiss watchmakers to produce "the world's thinnest watch," that is, wristwatch. The Swiss are ahead at the moment with a watch 1.98 millimeters thick (about the thickness of a dime) that sells for $4,000 by comparison with a Japanese watch 2.5 millimeters in thickness (or about that of a dollar) that retails at $5,000. Now, in this instance, the competition may result in new and more important uses for very thin power cells, tuning forks and motor and quartz oscillators. But the competition is motivated by an obsession with "thinness" as a status symbol, as an advertising gimmick; in the land of the rich, thin is beautiful.

Intense competition in these peripheral sectors no doubt stimulates a relatively small amount of new investment in plant and facilities, creates a few more jobs (for the time being) and delights advertising and marketing agencies and the media. But might not the total spent on this type of investment be much better channeled into forms of enterprise that would create more real wealth and yield more socially useful products? In any case, the grand total is a very large sum indeed and represents a gamble for maximum immediate profits rather than a desire to create relatively durable wealth-producing enterprises. Frivolous as this type of competition may seem when viewed objectively, there can be no doubt that it is savage and real. But what point is there in a society with so many acute unfilled social needs in providing a very few ladies and gentlemen with "the thinnest wristwatch" or producing ever more expensive foods for dogs and cats or increasing the number of odious fast-food restaurants or in making it possible for more human beings, male and female, to smell like blooming jasmine? This is competition in its most perverse form. □

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ARTICLES.

BLUNDER IN VIETNAM

China Drops a Stone on Its Own Foot

O. EDMUND CLUBB

In their joint communique of December 15, Washington and Peking expressed their wish "to reduce the danger of international military conflict," and professed to believe that the normalization of Sino-American relations "contributes to the cause of peace in Asia and in the world." And President Carter in his related statement expressed the belief that the normalization of Sino-American relations would "enhance the stability of Asia." But on February 17 China launched a military attack against its southern neighbor Vietnam.

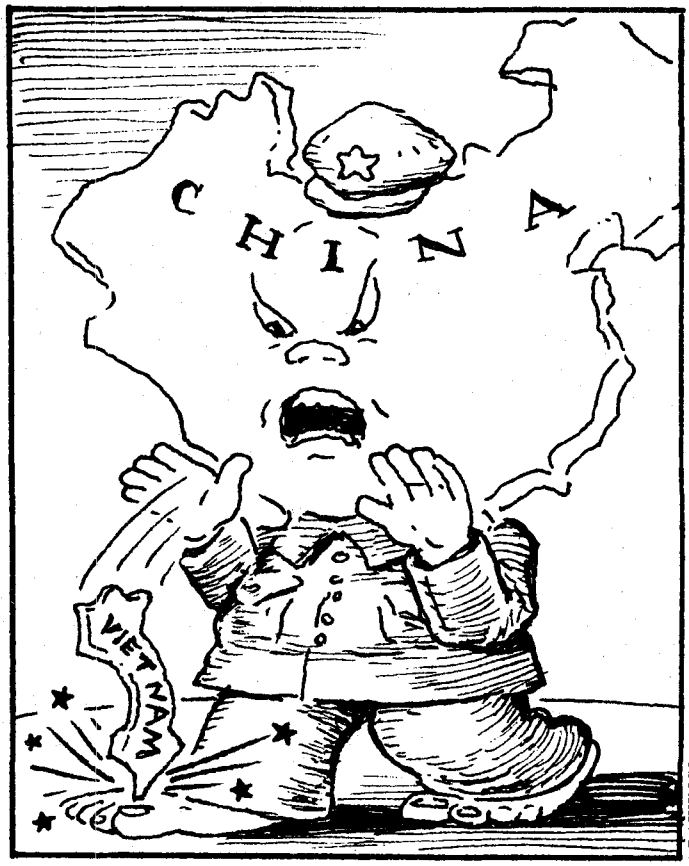
To put the matter in perspective, Kampuchea was Peking's one remaining client state, and China's ties with that country had become closer as its relations with Vietnam had worsened. When Vietnam leaned toward the Soviet Union in 1978, Peking's antagonism increased; armed clashes built up along the common frontier. And when Vietnam intervened last December to help insurgent forces overthrow the pro-Chinese Kampuchean regime, Peking saw its prestige and power position threatened.

There had been ample forewarning of China's own action. The Peking *People's Daily*, in an editorial of December 25, had charged Vietnam with encroaching upon Chinese territory, and with aiming at regional hegemony with Soviet support. The editorial warned that if the Vietnamese authorities continued to act in unbridled fashion "they will decidedly meet with the punishment they deserve." In his January visit to the United States, Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping told his American hosts that it would be necessary "to teach Vietnam a lesson." In Japan, en route home, he reiterated that resolve. By then, China had been massing troops on the Sino-Vietnamese border for more than a month. There is no reason whatsoever to assume that the Vietnamese were caught unawares. The only question was what did the Chinese mean by "lesson"? What were Peking's objectives?

All logic suggests that Peking's overall strategic aim was more far-reaching than simply to deal a painful punitive blow, after which its victorious forces would retire to their original positions to gloat over the discomfiture of the chastened "regional hegemonist," Vietnam. For one thing, Peking probably hoped to cause the withdrawal of Vietnamese forces from Kampuchea, thus enabling the Chinese to restore a pro-Chinese group to power in Phnom Penh. It might not be Pol Pot's governing group, which was hardly a regime that the Chinese felt inclined to crow about in their present "democratic" mood; and the independent, nationalistic Prince Norodom Sihanouk was not to be viewed by Peking as an ideal substitute, but other anti-Vietnamese Kampuchean elements could be found to serve the Chinese purpose.

Undoubtedly, Peking also desired to administer a stunning defeat to the Vietnamese army. How else make Hanoi *feel* punished? But, with such a hypothetical victory won, would not the Chinese be tempted to exploit their advantage and undertake to overturn the Hanoi regime and replace it with one "friendly" to Peking instead of to Moscow? That would be duplicating Vietnam's action in Kampuchea—in reverse.

What were the prospects? The Carter Administration on that fateful February 17 warned Moscow not to attack China in support of its Vietnamese ally, and early analyses dwelt heavily upon the possibility of direct Soviet intervention across the Sino-Soviet frontier. On February 18, Moscow indeed advised that the Peking policy makers "should stop before it is too



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

O. Edmund Clubb was a United States Foreign Service officer from 1928 to 1952, serving in China, Indochina and the Soviet Far East. He is the author of Twentieth Century China, China and Russia: The "Great Game" *and* The Witness and I *(all Columbia University Press).*

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late." But this veiled warning was against the background of the confident observation that: "The heroic Vietnamese people . . . is capable of standing up for itself . . . and furthermore it has reliable friends." To read the Soviet warning as a threat of direct Soviet intervention was to disregard the history of Soviet tactics with respect to the Sino-Japanese, Korean and Vietnam wars. In each case, Moscow supplied one of the belligerents with arms and advisers, but avoided direct involvement.

Why should Moscow abandon that tried and proven formula—especially if there were no critical reason to do so? And the situation was not critical for Vietnam. The Chinese had concentrated a force of about 250,000 men on the Vietnamese border; but the regular Vietnam armed forces number some 600,000 men, and these are supported by substantial numbers of local militia. The Vietnamese are notably weaker than the Chinese in air strength, but the ground forces are well equipped with such defensive arms as artillery, anti-tank weapons and anti-aircraft weaponry, of both Soviet and American manufacture. It was early reported that the Russians had begun to deliver additional arms. And, with Peking's action generally condemned by the world's industrialized countries, China was found without comparable sources for modern weaponry. Thus, even not counting the Chinese munitions captured in the defeat of the Pol Pot regime in Kampuchea, the Vietnamese were well equipped to defend themselves.

So it is not surprising that, after the initial Chinese attack, the Vietnamese did not withdraw their regular units from Kampuchea. And a Vietnamese delegation headed by Premier Pham Van Dong visiting Phnom Penh calmly signed a treaty of peace, friendship and cooperation with the new Hanoi-supported regime of President Heng Samrin on February 18, and only then returned to Hanoi. It was a full week after the beginning of the Chinese invasion, when the direction of the Chinese main thrusts had become clear, that Hanoi began to move regular troops into position in the Lang Son and Lao Cai sectors northeast and northwest of Hanoi.

In the beginning, in the absence of solid information, there was widespread skepticism with respect to Vietnamese claims of heavy Chinese losses. But it would appear that Hanoi's reports should perhaps have been given more credence. The Chinese won no quick and easy victory. At the end of two weeks' fighting, they counted the capture of Lao Cai and—after what seems to have been a major battle—of Lang Son. Both sides claimed to have inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. Peking next proclaimed a unilateral cease-fire and then, on March 5, the New China News Agency announced that the Chinese "frontier troops" had "attained the goals set for them" and, beginning that date, were "withdrawing to Chinese territory." Peking also proposed that the two sides undertake negotiations to insure peace on the common border "and then proceed to settle the boundary and territorial disputes."

On March 6, Hanoi responded: if Peking was using the withdrawal as a ruse, the war would continue; but if and when the Chinese forces might be withdrawn "to the other side of the historical border that both sides have agreed to respect," Hanoi would be prepared to begin immediate negotiations "on the restoration of normal relations between the two countries." Hanoi said nothing about negotiating boundary questions; it presumably did not admit their existence. It would appear that if the Chinese withdrawal stops short of "the historical border," the Sino-Vietnamese strife may still not be over.

Hanoi claimed victory, saying that Vietnamese resistance had forced the Chinese withdrawal. The Peking *People's Daily* contrariwise characterized the operation as "a complete success" for the Chinese side. By the evidence, it was, rather, a costly mistake. The Chinese forces indeed caused widespread devastation in the invaded territory, but they won no smashing victory over the regular Vietnamese armies; and the invasion did not alter the situation in Kampuchea in China's favor. In military terms, Peking's venture failed to achieve significant results.

The Chinese leadership in Peking, its vision still beclouded by the dogma of the Maoist era and seemingly misreading the significance of the normalization of Sino-American relations, has made a major strategic miscalculation. One large debit to be marked up against the Chinese intervention in Vietnam is in the political field. Peking has vociferously and often condemned that "hegemonism" which strives to advance national influence at the expense of others. The Preamble of its own Constitution, as adopted only in March of last year, provides that China's relations with other countries should be developed "on the basis of the Five Principles of mutual respect for sovereignty and territorial integrity, mutual nonaggression, noninterference in one another's internal affairs, equality and mutual benefit and peaceful coexistence. Our country will never seek hegemony, or strive to be a superpower." The March 5 statement tried to repair the Chinese image—to show the country, once more, as peace-loving and as "always" holding for settlement of disputes between nations "peacefully through negotiations." But other countries will inevitably ask: who's being hegemonistic now? And they will view Peking's world stance with less faith, and more skepticism than in the halcyon days of 1977-78, when it appeared that China proposed to devote its prime energies to the huge task of lifting the nation from its poverty and creating a modern state ready to abide by established rules of international behavior.

American official and public opinion in particular was badly jolted by the Chinese "punitive" action. After the December 15 announcement of the projected normalization of diplomatic relations between the two countries, there was a tendency to assume

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that Peking would be seeing eye-to-eye with Washington as regards political developments—particularly in the world arena. But Americans now appreciate that there are certain elements of the Chinese grand strategy that have been kept veiled. If China would act so arbitrarily with respect to Vietnam, might it not similarly take violent action on some later occasion against another country whom it might wish to "teach a lesson"?

Some important Asian neighbors have already manifested their disapproval of Peking's present strategic approach. It was not surprising that Indian Foreign Minister Atal Bihari Vajpayee on February 18 cut short a visit to Peking that had been designed to mend a relationship badly damaged by the Sino-Indian conflict of 1962-63. In the light of that earlier clash, which left China in possession of 14,000 square miles of disputed territory, New Delhi could hardly sanction the resolution of border issues by military force. And Japanese Foreign Minister Sunao Sunoda voiced Tokyo's hope that China and Vietnam would quickly resolve their differences and peace be restored in Indochina. Was Sunoda perhaps remembering the armed Chinese demonstration mounted around the disputed Senkaku Islands in the spring of 1978?

Peking has proposed to implement its massive program of economic (and military) modernization by drawing heavily upon foreign countries for industrial equipment, technological assistance and credits. But a prolonged military engagement in Vietnam could have disastrous effects on that program. On February 17, the day the military action against Vietnam was launched, a Chinese delegation negotiating with the Japanese for a $2 billion project to finance the development of offshore oilfields in the Pohai Gulf suddenly departed Tokyo for home. On March 1, it was reported that the Chinese had shocked Japanese business circles with the notification that a large number of recently negotiated contracts for industrial plant and equipment, to the total value of some $2.9 billion, were still to be finally approved.

Here again the United States was concerned. Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal indeed made his planned trip to Peking, on schedule, at the end of February. But in his toast at the welcoming banquet he conveyed a warning from Washington: "Respect for the independence and territorial integrity of all nations and reliance on peaceful means to resolve disputes are the fundamental principles of international conduct. . . . Even limited invasions risk wider wars and turn public opinion against the aggressor. Let there be no doubt as to the American position on this matter."

Vice Premier Deng had lectured his hosts in the American capital on the niceties of world strategy; the Treasury Secretary had now returned the favor. The Blumenthal visit scored some advances in the limited field of settlement of mutual outstanding claims between the two countries, and Ambassador Leonard Woodcock has taken up his new post in Peking. But the new Sino-American relationship will have its sour notes until China, somehow, quite extricates itself from the predicament it has gotten into in Vietnam. And, in any event, business interests of the industrialized countries generally now stand more fully alerted to possible political hazards attending ventures into "the vast China market."

In sum total, by their aggression against Vietnam, the Chinese have committed a blunder that Mao Zedong was fond of attributing to his enemies: they have "dropped a stone on their own foot." □

KOCH VS. KUCINICH

A Tale of Two Cities

RONALD BERKMAN
and TODD SWANSTROM

Two of the leading men in the historical drama now being performed in cities around the country are Edward Koch of New York and Dennis Kucinich of Cleveland. As Mayor, each has chosen a distinctive style and molded it to fit his specific vision of the urban drama.

Koch seems to feel most comfortable as the free-wheeling, straight-talking guardian of the public treasury, burdened with a mission he portrays as unpleasant but necessary. To Koch, the problem is purely and simply economic, and can be solved by what he likes to call "financial realism," followed by a long-term maintenance program to prevent a relapse.

Kucinich's approach is substantially different. Rather than seeking to be the calm in the middle of the storm, Kucinich has chosen to be a storm center. His rhetoric is direct and abrasive, and he holds that Cleveland's default "was not so much a financial matter as it was a political matter."

Koch has followed the revitalization strategy laid down by his predecessor, Abraham Beame. This involved a significant transfer of public power to the private sector; the major banks and corporations were granted a direct veto over government decisions through the creation of the Emergency Financial Control Board. The Mayor, for example, can no longer negotiate a contract with city employees without the board's consent. Banks and corporations were given a seat in government without ever standing for election. When Koch came to office, he inherited a city administration stripped of traditional powers.

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The city's "New Urban Partnership" with business, announced in a recent forty-six-page advertising spread in *Business Week*, is more than words: it is an attractive package of business incentives designed by those who know best, New York's business community. The package includes a reduction of the corporate tax rate and commercial rent tax. Real property taxes have been lowered and capped for the next five years and tax credits are provided for the purchase of machinery and for companies that move into the state with at least ten jobs. The city issues tax-exempt industrial revenue bonds to finance expansion or relocation by private industry. A special program of real estate tax abatements has been set up to encourage construction.

The new pact with business has to date produced, at best, mixed results. New York is beginning to enter what Mayor Koch and the media call a "renaissance." The city is experiencing an economic revival of sorts. In the past year the unemployment rate dropped from 10.5 to 8.8 percent. Although manufacturing employment actually rose in 1977 for the first time in twenty-one years, New York's future lies not on the shop floor but in the front office. New York is being transformed from a national manufacturing center to a global command post for multinational corporations. The city is headquarters for eighty billion-dollar companies; sixty branches of foreign banks have opened in New York. Wealthy young professionals are moving back into the city: lawyers, accountants, financial analysts, stockbrokers, public relations experts, etc.—a migration referred to as "gentrification."

Tourism is booming, Broadway is bustling and huge construction projects are rolling again in midtown. Ground was broken recently on a $42 million luxury hotel, with rates starting at $80 a night. Koch has tentatively approved a $175 billion urban renewal project for 42nd Street, put together by the Ford Foundation. The building boom looks so promising that Koch even proposed reducing tax abatements in midtown, where $500 million worth of construction has already been subsidized by the city.

From a room at the top, things look good, very good. But down in the neighborhoods, out in the boroughs, it is a different story. While services to corporations increase, people-oriented services are in decline. Welfare rolls have been trimmed by 118,000 and the city's work force has been cut by more than 60,000. Social services have declined across the board. Aging mass transit, pockmarked highways and crumbling sewer systems receive little or no upkeep.

But it is not just that services are being cut back. There is a systematic plan afoot to get rid of city-owned facilities. Two institutions are on the top of the list: the City University system and the municipal hospitals. Both have been hit by severe cutbacks and closings since 1975, which have diminished their capacity to serve their traditional clientele, the city's poor and working class. The City University system will probably be turned over to the state by the end of the year. The long-range plan for the municipal hospitals anticipates abandoning many of these public facilities to voluntary (profit-making) hospitals.

Koch's strategy has not solved New York's fiscal crisis—at least not yet. The state's special deputy comptroller said as recently as November: "It is my opinion that the city's budget position is as bad as it's been." "Drastic steps" will be required in the future, as the cumulative budget deficit is expected to reach $2.3 billion by 1982. One thing is clear: New York City is trapped on a treadmill of debt. In 1978-79 more than 15 percent of the city's expenditures, close to $2 billion, will be required for debt service alone. It is the city's poor who are, in essence, paying the bill in the form of reduced services and opportunities.

Koch's New Urban Partnership perpetuates the same kind of unplanned economic development and dependence on the private sector that got the city into trouble in the first place. The problem with the new partnership between city governments and business being touted by mayors around the country is that government always plays the junior partner. Mobile capital, by playing off one jurisdiction against another, has a built-in bargaining advantage. As the competition for investment in a stagnating economy intensifies, the giveaways to business mean diminishing returns to the public sector.

A city with natural advantages to attract investment, such as New York, may be able to make the strategy pay off. But this implies a special vision of New York's future: a bustling midtown, international economic center, home of the chic and the well-to-do, surrounded by decaying neighborhoods occupied mostly by poor people, trapped in the secondary labor market, without a future. The vision is chilling, a kind of American Johannesburg.

For a city like Cleveland, on the other hand, with few special advantages in the economic division of labor, the New Urban Partnership does not even offer this vision. And the sacrifices involved are even greater. Kucinich's predecessor, Ralph Perk, was, like Koch, a strong believer in the government-business partnership. Business was awarded generous tax incentives and abatements. After a period of years in which the partnership program produced no visible changes in the fiscal condition of the city, Perk began to auction off parcels of city-controlled facilities (transit authority, sewer system, athletic stadium) at bargain-basement prices. The resources controlled by the city diminished while corporate portfolios grew.

Perk's revitalization efforts were a dismal failure. An already deficient tax base tumbled $30 million a year, as the middle class left Cleveland en masse. Small business crumbled under the pressure of the loss of 100,000 middle-class consumers to the suburban shopping malls. Politically, the city government apparatus was put at the "beck and call" of business.

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When Perk left office, conditions in the inner city had declined to a point that could have inspired a modern Dickens novel.

Kucinich rose to power on the backs of the white ethnic working class who felt excluded from Perk's partnership with business. These are the same people whose legitimate fears and grievances were channeled against blacks and "welfare cheats" by politicians like Richard Nixon and Frank Rizzo. Kucinich redirected this anger toward the banking and corporate elite who, in a city like Cleveland, make most of the important decisions that shape people's daily lives.

By the time Kucinich became Mayor, banks and industry possessed a type of power far different from the powers generally associated with a strong business lobby. They controlled the very survival of city government, being the only source of available capital needed to continue even the minimal services still provided by the city. The first question facing Kucinich was not how to govern but whether he could govern at all.

Cleveland is in an especially vulnerable position: it is a city with a dying industrial infrastructure. Industry has utilized what Cleveland had to offer and then abandoned it in search of cheaper labor, more modern facilities and even more advantageous taxing structures. Capital is going on strike against Cleveland until the city provides special incentives to invest. Kucinich is resisting this form of blackmail. But, under present economic and political constraints, Cleveland cannot function without private sector investment. Kucinich knows this. What he is trying to do is negotiate a new contract with capital on terms more advantageous to the public sector while preserving as much political autonomy as possible for the citizens of Cleveland.

This has generated the storms that have marked his first term. The state of Ohio, for example, offered to aid Cleveland if the city would surrender power to a management board, much like New York's Emergency Financial Control Board. Gov. James Rhodes described the proposed legislation as having great rigidity—that it would "say what they can and can't do and establish priorities in the community." Kucinich's refusal was characteristically blunt: "I'm not going to permit the future of this city to be determined by faceless bureaucrats appointed by politicians who serve at the beck and call of corrupt special interests." Kucinich also stood firm in the face of a threat by Republic Steel to leave Cleveland if not granted extensive tax abatements.

The most celebrated example of Kucinich's resistance was his refusal to sell Muny Light, the municipally owned utility—even after a threat by Cleveland's largest bank not to refinance city loans unless the utility were sold. On February 27, Kucinich won a stunning victory when voters backed his stand on Muny Light by an almost 2-to-1 margin. "We are in the front lash of the new urban populism," Kucinich jubilantly announced. But Muny Light is hardly a firm foundation for launching a movement to regain public control over city financing and long-term planning. (Muny Light serves only 20 percent of Cleveland's residents and must buy its electricity from the private utility.) A government without independent means to raise the capital to govern must eventually fall under the power of those who control these resources. And without independent generators of capital, such as publicly controlled banks, utilities and industry, democratic social planning will remain ineffectual.

Kucinich has, at least, taken the first step by aggressively resisting the loss of power and accountability by the public sector. The battles between Kucinich and the corporate establishment have already moved some very important political questions, heretofore decided in the bar of the Union Club or the executive suites of Cleveland Trust, onto public terrain. Kucinich is politicizing a citizenry long made apathetic by the belief that there is really nothing important for the public to decide.

In contrast, Koch is content to tinker with the technical considerations of government's role in the partnership and to administer an elaborate public relations campaign. Traditional political discourse and struggle is something Koch defines as a remnant of the unpleasant past. Conversely, Kucinich's entire political future rests on the possibility of reviving that tradition. So while Edward Koch is content to put some new luster on the Big Apple, Dennis Kucinich struggles to preserve the last vestiges of democratic home rule for the citizens of Cleveland. □

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TOWN WITHOUT PITY

Letters From a Belfast Ghetto

JACK HOLLAND

> Well, Jack, have you settled down in your new home, or do you miss old Belfast anymore? There is not much change here. The war is still going on and not getting any better. Two weeks ago they [the Provisional Irish Republican Army] burned the Greenan Lodge Hotel down, this week a few shops in the town and numerous other places. And to make matters worse, the firemen are out on strike. The shootings go on.
>
> Your loving,
> Mother

The date on the letter was November 11, 1977, shortly after I had moved to New York. The return address: Andersonstown Park South, part of Belfast's largest Catholic ghetto. The sender: my mother, a working-class woman in her mid-50s, with five children and a husband out of work for the first time in his long life as a truck driver. The situation: Northern Ireland after ten years of civil crisis and guerrilla war. The prospects: pretty hopeless. At least once a month for the last ten years or so that I have lived away from home, the letter would arrive in my mailbox. For most of those years the letter has carried much the same message: the war goes on, things haven't changed. Only the list of the dead gets longer.

My mother is one of the people on whose behalf the war is supposedly being fought: One side—the I.R.A.—claims to be fighting to defend her against the British; and the other—the British—asserts it is there to protect her from the terrorists. Ordinary people rarely have the opportunity to give their view of history, which is ironic since history affects them often more directly than anybody else. And what affects them become the details out of which history is made. When a mother cannot get down the street to shop for her family, or when a man cannot get to his job because of the violence, that is as much a fact of history as the fall of a Government. (Indeed, in Northern Ireland, facts such as these have, on two occasions since 1968, contributed to the fall of Governments.) The people for whom these are facts of life—of everyday life—reveal through their feelings and experiences a barometer of the political crises. For a long time now the reading has remained steady at "Resignation," the result of the experience of a decade of continuous violence within a population approximately one-eighth that of New York City. There is little cause for hope. Early last year, a letter from my mother described the "prospects" for her, and for Northern Ireland in the year ahead:

> The troubles here are not getting any better. In the last couple of days the I.R.A. have shot and killed one member of the Ulster Defense Regiment [a locally recruited regiment of the British Army]. And this morning they booby-trapped another U.D.R. man's car as he was taking his two children to school. It blew up, killing him and his 10-year-old daughter and the wee baby that was in the back is critically ill. There was another shooting at the corner of Andersonstown Park, not far from our street. A plainclothes policeman was passing in his car and they riddled the car. He is in hospital seriously wounded. Another policeman was shot down in York Road, and a woman who was passing at the time was shot dead in the cross fire. I could go on and on as each day brings a new tragedy. There seems to be no end to it. . . .

This letter was dated February 8, 1978. Two weeks later a series of bombs went off in a popular hotel outside Belfast called La Mon House, killing twelve people. The Provisional I.R.A., who claimed responsibility, apologized by saying it was a terrible mistake. A subsequent letter from my father indicated that, apologies or not, it had badly affected I.R.A. support. He wrote: "The La Mon House bombing was a terrible tragedy. It has turned a lot of people against them and the troubles in Belfast." Even hard-core supporters of the I.R.A. were disgusted at the senseless waste of human life.

But the history of Northern Ireland over the last ten years is a history of similar tragedies, now all indistinct parts of that bloody tapestry. Not only the I.R.A. but the British Army, the Northern Ireland Police and the assassins of the Protestant paramilitary organizations have all been guilty of outrages in Northern Ireland. Each new atrocity is soon thrown into the balance against the last one.

For the ordinary Catholics of Andersonstown, however, the violence is only one, if the most brutal, of the problems with which they have to cope. One of the most pressing is work, or the lack of it. Andersonstown is part of an area that has up to a 40 percent unemployment rate among men. Our family was considered fortunate in that my father, a truck driver, always had a job—that is, until 1975 when his company closed. My mother went to work to help support the family. She found a job in the canteen of a nearby electrical parts factory, which was brought into the area to try to alleviate joblessness. It offered 300 jobs. Over 3,000 men applied for them.

Though she often worked seven days a week serving and cleaning in the canteen, she never brought home more than the equivalent of $40. Last February she wrote in a paragraph, after the latest violent incidents were mentioned:

> I have become one of the unemployed. We were all laid off work three weeks ago after 140 men in the factory lost their jobs. We weren't needed in the canteen. I miss the few extra pounds.

Jack Holland, a Belfast poet and journalist, is working as a freelance writer in New York City.

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The company was losing money, and had to cut back its work force, abandoning its previous plans to give jobs to more than 1,000 Catholics from the area.

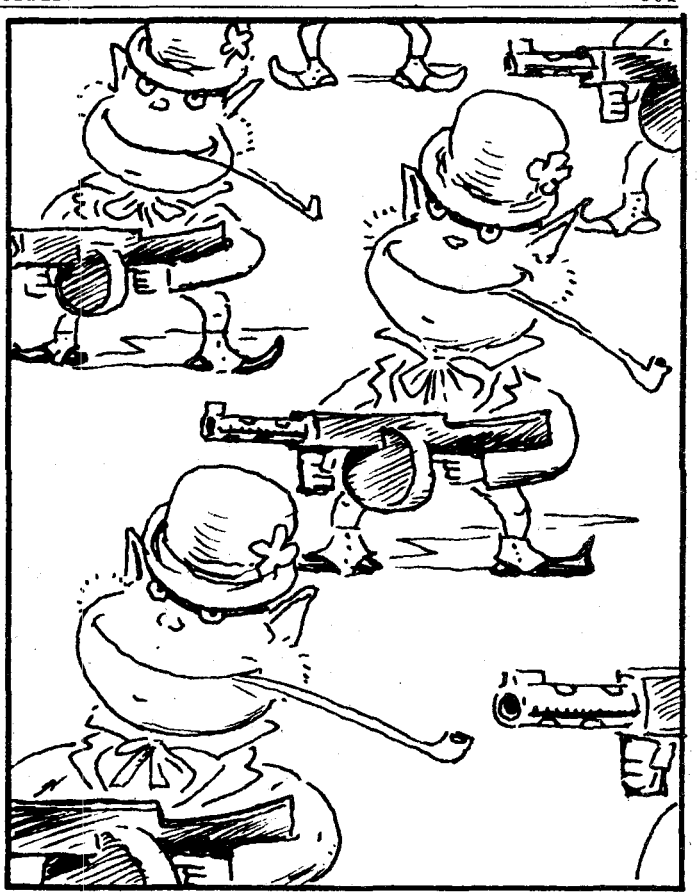
Fortunately, by this time there were only two of the five children in my parents' family still at home, attending school. The others were married and—apart from myself—all living in Andersonstown. None had jobs; all were more or less dependent on welfare checks. Unemployment has been a fact of life for Catholics since the Northern Ireland state was founded in 1921. The last ten years of civil rights struggle, social unrest and finally guerrilla warfare have not changed that. In fact, the figures for 1978 show that unemployment is at its worst since any time after World War II. Because of the still active discrimination in favor of Protestants in many areas of Northern Ireland's industry, those most drastically affected are the ordinary Catholic people of developments like Andersonstown.

Sectarian lines are clearly drawn in Northern Ireland, and neither Catholics nor Protestants will leave their own areas even to visit the others. This has been the cause of many problems for those families which, like my father's, are mixed. My father's father was a Protestant who married a Catholic. Some of their children, including my father, were brought up as Catholics, and some as Protestants. My father's eldest brother, William, is a Protestant. After the start of the troubles in 1969 he stopped visiting his Catholic relatives, whom he had till then seen regularly. For four years my father did not see him. Then, in 1973, my mother wrote to me of a chance meeting they had in downtown Belfast:

> By the way, Jack, I thought you'd be interested to hear that your father met your Uncle William last week in the city center. He has had to move from his street because of the troubles, and now lives in a quieter area. But he says he's still scared to come to Andersonstown. He's just as frightened of his own side as he is of the I.R.A. But he promised as soon as the troubles ended he'd be up to see us. Isn't it awful the way your own family can't feel safe coming to see you now?

That was the summer of 1973. Nearly six years later the killings are still going on, and my father has seen his brother only once since—it took a death in the family to bring them together again—at the funeral of one of their sisters.

Sectarianism has split up communities, and broken families. It has not stopped short of killing those from its own side if they are seen to be friendly with the other side. But the main thrust of the sectarian violence has been directed against the Catholics. By far the greatest majority of those killed by sectarian attacks have been Catholics, and they outnumber Protestant victims by two to one. It is this, more than anything else, that has caused fear and dismay among Catholics since the Protestant assassination squads began operating in late 1971.



I was in England through most of 1972, and the letters I still have from that year recreate the terror experienced by so many Catholics, particularly in Belfast. One from my mother is dated June 1. Along with the letter was a press clipping of a report about the murder of a young Catholic, Gerard McCusker, whose sister my mother had met.

> I hope you are studying hard and do well in the tests. We have thought about you a lot recently, and we are glad you are out of Belfast. Anything can happen here now. We hear awful stories about what the Protestant gangs like the U.D.A. [Ulster Defense Association, the biggest of th Protestant terrorist groups] are doing to Cath ic hey catch. I enclose a report about wee Gerard McCusker from the Falls. He was murdered last week. I met his sister the other day. She was talking to someone in a shop about it, and was in tears. She says his body was all cuts and bruises. His wrists were broken and his hair was pulled out. His hands were tied with wire. He'd been beaten before being shot. The police say they have no clues to who did it. But everybody knows fine rightly it was the U.D.A. or the U.V.F. [Ulster Volunteer Force, the oldest of the Protestant paramilitary groups]. His body was found in the Shankill. People are afraid to go out at night. They say there's a madman roaming Belfast. Nearly all the women in the street are on tranquilizers. They won't allow their boys out at night. You're lucky to be out of it, son.

Coming Next Week

Richard Walton tells how things go better with Coca-Cola—now that they have a friend in the White House.

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My mother, like most working-class women in Belfast, went on tranquilizers herself. She wrote to tell me disturbing news of how the assassinations were affecting the children. One of my sisters, Eileen, age 13 at the time, was badly upset:

> Poor Eileen has nightmares lately. She can't sleep and is always getting up in the middle of the night to go downstairs to switch on the lights She says she's scared of the dark now. You know she saw a man being shot dead outside her school? I'm taking her to the doctor tomorrow to see if he can give her something to help her rest at night. . . .

Children are affected by the violence in many ways. In local schools discipline has broken down. Attendance has fallen drastically, and teachers are at a loss to know how to enforce their will on children who spent much of their free time rioting against heavily armed soldiers, or who in some cases by their early teens were training to shoot high velocity rifles and plant bombs. One incident reflects the kind of atmosphere in which schooling had to survive. In 1973 Thomas went to secondary school at the age of 11. Shortly after he had started, my mother described an event which left a big impression on the children:

> Anyway, Thomas came home early today and told me that his school had been taken over by the Officials [the other I.R.A. faction, dominated by Moscow-oriented Communists]. They were in class at about 11 o'clock when they saw a group of young men coming into the corridors. They were carrying rifles and wearing masks. They went into all the classrooms and ordered the teachers out; then they put them into a storeroom and locked the door. Then the Officials went back into each classroom and read statements to the children. Thomas said everybody thought it was a laugh. He said he didn't remember much about the statement, except it was about history. They left the teachers in the storeroom for over an hour and then gave the children the keys to the store and told them to let the teachers out whenever they liked. Then they left. Thomas said that some of the boys didn't want to let the teachers out at all. But they were afraid they might suffocate, so they opened the door. . . . You never know what'll happen next in this place, do you?

There have been two developments over the past five years which seemed to offer the chance of a way out of the morass. The first was the more serious: the attempt to set up a Government in Northern Ireland in which Catholics would, for the first time in the history of the state, share power with Protestants. The Power-Sharing Executive took office in January 1974. Five months later it was forced out by action of the largest Protestant paramilitary group, the Ulster Defense Association. The U.D.A. organized a series of intimidatory tactics which successfully kept thousands of people from their jobs and controlled the flow of food and essential services to the entire city of Belfast. The British Army did not intervene effectively. By the end of May 1974, the power-sharing Government was brought to its knees and resigned. Ever since there has been a political vacuum in Northern Ireland which has not been filled. It was out of that vacuum, in 1976, that there came the second development: the Peace Movement. It was very different from the politically controversial assembly. In fact, it was motivated by the most uncontroversial of all demands, the demand for peace.

However, as the letters from my mother during that period show, this optimism or enthusiasm was not shared by all of Belfast's working-class women. About one month or so after the Peace Movement was launched I received this letter from home in answer to an inquiry:

> How have you been keeping these last weeks? Thank God we are all well, and waiting to see what will happen next now the peace women have taken to the streets. No, Jack, I haven't joined in. In my eyes they are very well-intentioned but I don't think they can last. In some areas they are strong, but mostly the better-off places. In others, like the Lower Falls, the people don't want them. Your sister Eileen told me the other day that in her school the children of any women who are in the Peace Movement get beaten up by the other kids.
>
> Anyway, I think they are in danger of getting carried away with themselves. Everytime you switch on TV they are being interviewed. Do they think that by standing and praying and singing hymns that peace will fall from the sky? I think it just makes them feel good, but it won't change this place. If prayers would work, we would have had peace years ago. Don't you agree?

After the period of marching and praying stopped, and the movement tried to organize itself along practical lines, its problems began to emerge. It seemed that without the atmosphere of religious emotion, without the great gatherings, it was rapidly fading into the background while the violence continued as ever. When Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan received the Nobel Peace Prize last year my mother again wrote about them:

> Jack, you want to know my opinion about the Peace People now? I don't have much interest in them. You very rarely hear about them in Belfast. I think the movement is dying slowly. . . . I did hear that Betty Williams has left Andersonstown and went to live in the Malone Road.

The Malone Road is a wealthy middle-class district of Belfast, greatly resented by the ordinary people, both Catholic and Protestant, because of its apparent immunity from the violence and hardship which have always afflicted their lives. The story that Betty Williams has moved into a rich area has been a continuing rumor in the Catholic ghettos of Belfast. It is symptomatic of a feeling that the Peace Movement no longer is identified with the needs of the ordinary people. For them, going to live on the Malone Road is like moving to the Bahamas. (In fact, the Peace People have opened their headquarters in the Malone Road, which might help to explain the rumor.)

War numbs those it does not kill. Feelings that have to cope with violent death on a daily basis soon be-

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come exhausted—there is only so much tragedy and horror a person can deal with, whilst still going about his or her everyday life. In order to survive, they must withdraw from the tragedy, suppress the grief. But no one ever really forgets. For my mother, as for most of the people of Northern Ireland, the last decade has become a list of those they lost, the relatives, the friends, the neighbors; all victims of a war that is fought out in the front parlors of their homes, in their streets, in their bars, at their work places.

The next decade might well make that list as long again. They are all potential victims, wherever they are, or whatever they do. There is little hope for change. In an old letter, my mother put it like this:

> Belfast is a terrible place. No matter where you go there is always someone pointing a gun at you.

The imponderables remain. Those who are determined to destroy the Northern Ireland state are still in arms. Those who are determined to defend it are ready to respond. And those who do not know or those who are now past caring, as usual make up the majority of the victims. □

JUDGE WATCH 5

Open Judgeships Secretly Arrived At

DOROTHY J. SAMUELS
and JAMES A. GOODMAN

Federal judge selection in President Carter's "open" Administration remains a closed and secretive business. His Executive Order laid down "standards and guidelines" for selection of the 117 new District judgeships created by the Omnibus Judgeship Act. For the first time, the Attorney General was ordered to determine if the procedures used by Senators and their commissions in making recommendations were "fair and reasonable," and if "an affirmative effort" had been made to identify qualified candidates, including minorities and women. Moreover, the Attorney General must assess whether a candidate "possesses and has demonstrated commitment to equal justice under law" before the nomination is made. Similar criteria apply in the selection of the thirty-five new Circuit Court judgeships.

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But the way the Justice Department is going about its judge selection chores makes it extremely difficult for outsiders to know how closely the President's "standards and guidelines" are being followed in practice. Recommendations have now been made for almost two-thirds of the 152 new judicial appointments, but the workings of the selection process remain top secret.

The Justice Department has a policy against releasing names of candidates for District judgeships until an appointment is officially transmitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee for confirmation. As civil rights and women's groups concerned with the selection process have found, these names can be obtained by tapping other sources. What this means, though, is that a good deal of time and resources that could have been better spent evaluating the qualifications of the candidates are wasted on simply finding out who is being considered. The Justice Department's closed-door policy minimizes the opportunity for public comment at the stage when it would have maximum impact—before the Department is fully committed to a nomination. (The lists of candidates proposed by Carter's Circuit Court nominating commissions are made public, but this accounts for only thirty-five of the 152 new judgeships.) Nor will the Justice Department release the reports that Senators submit explaining how they went about choosing their candidates for the District Courts. We have filed a Freedom of Information Act request to obtain these reports. The Department has so far stalled, and all indications are that the request will be denied.

It is virtually impossible to get a reading on where a nomination stands in the Administration's review process. Information about the status of the Justice Department's evaluation, whether the President has given preliminary approval to an appointment or whether a candidate's name has been forwarded to the American Bar Association, the National Bar Association (an organization of black lawyers) and the newly formed Federation of Women Lawyers' Judicial Screening Panel for rating is treated as classified.

The Justice Department does not explain how it made its determination that the standards and guidelines were met in a given case. For example. to assess a candidate's "demonstrated commitment to equal justice," presumably one would look at such things as what the candidate has done to fulfill his or her professional responsibility to provide legal representation to the poor and disadvantaged, as well as what the candidate has done to further (or hinder) civil rights. Theoretically, no candidate is approved for appointment until this kind of review has taken place, but we are asked to take this on faith.

The Justice Department argues that secrecy is essential to "protect" the reputations of judicial candidates and to facilitate negotiations with Senators. This argument would be more credible if the Department's own review, conducted under Associate Attor-

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ney General Michael Egan, was structured and systematic. As it is, the Justice Department's rather casual attitude toward the demands of the standards and guidelines (along with the dubious propriety of back-room wheeling and dealing on Federal judgeships) makes the need for greater disclosure even more compelling.

The explanation for the Justice Department's reluctance to reveal details about its review process may actually be more simple: the Administration is uncertain how to apply the standards and guidelines because the selection process has produced so few minorities and women. As of early March, according to figures compiled by the Washington, D.C.-based Judicial Selection Project, fourteen of the 112 candidates submitted by Senators for seventy-three new District judgeships are minorities and only nine of them are women. Senators in eleven states recommended no minorities or women at all.

Caught between his public commitment to appoint more than a token number of minority and women judges and the political need not to ruffle Senatorial feathers, Carter has been trying to pave a middle road. Bell, who fashions himself the "President's broker" on judge selection, has been going back to Senators with all-white-male lists to ask them to "look again." In several states, Bell has worked out deals whereby the Administration agrees to clear the Senators' recommendations for the new judgeships in exchange for the Senators' promises to appoint a woman or a minority to vacancies anticipated in the future. In Illinois, for example, Carter is going ahead with Adlai Stevenson's list of three white males on the expectation that the next appointment will go to a woman. This strategy, of course, breaks down when a Senator refuses to bargain. In Virginia, where this has happened, Carter has yielded to Senatorial blackmail without getting anything in return.

Carter has been saying all along that his control of District judge selection is limited by the Senate's traditional "blue slip" system, which, in effect, gives a single Senator veto power over appointments from his state. Senator Edward Kennedy, who has succeeded James Eastland as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has announced that blue slips will continue to be distributed; but unlike Eastland, Kennedy will not automatically scuttle an appointment when a Senator refuses to return the form, as was the practice in the past. Instead, he will put the question of whether to hold confirmation hearings to a vote of the full Judiciary Committee.

Last December, Carter acknowledged that Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia could blue slip nominations to Virginia judgeships if Carter ignored Byrd's list of candidates. Choosing not to take that risk, Carter indicated to reporters that the state's four new judgeships would remain vacant until Byrd presented a more "balanced" slate than the list of ten white males his commissions came up with.

In late February, however, Attorney General Bell informed Byrd that two from the Senator's list—former State Judge Richard Williams and Jame Jones, a local Democratic Party official—would b nominated by the President even though Byrd has ye to produce a more balanced slate. An aide to Byr says that the Senator remains "morally committed" t the candidates recommended by his selection com missions.

Carter's move still leaves two Virginia judgeship open and Kennedy has indicated that he will hold u confirmation hearings on the first two Virgini choices until a decision is reached about how the oth ers will be filled. It is possible that the Administra tion might eventually persuade Byrd to mak concessions. And, if that fails, perhaps Carter wil chance a Senate confrontation with Byrd by fillin one or both of the remaining seats from outsid Byrd's list. What the result of such a confrontatio would be is uncertain. In any case, Carter's capitula tion in allowing the first two Virginia judgeships t go through without any quid pro quo was a clear re treat in the face of political pressure.

Sadat

(Continued From Front Cover)

of Sadat to find the status and following to whic he believes himself entitled.

Sadat's claim to the extravagant praise which h expects—and gets from the Egyptian media—is threefold one. He claims to be the man of peace wit Israel. He claims to be the man who brought politica freedom to post-Nasser Egypt and a people utterl weary of compulsory one-party discipline. And h claims to be the man of the *infitah*, the "open door, which, by a policy of unfettered capitalism, will brin to Egypt the benefits of the world economy. That on little exchange between the gendarmerie and th N.P.U.P. (and several others like it in succeedin days) contained clues to his failure on all three level and to the inextricability of the three as well.

By welcoming the Shah (to the astonishment of al Cairo), Sadat advertised his chief weakness, which i a near-total dependence on the United States in al things, and one of his main personal defects, which i vanity and the related refusal to brook opposition. I part, this all stems from the Yom Kippur "triumph of 1973 (or the Ramadan triumph as it is more ob viously known in Egypt). It was then that Mustapha Amin, now Sadat's chief cheerleader but then just re leased from prison for spying, wrote: "The Crossin was a crossing from defeat to victory, division t unity, shame to dignity, inequity to justice and fron terror to security."

This kind of froth has become even more noticeabl

Christopher Hitchens, foreign editor of The New Statesman *of London, recently returned from a trip t the Middle East.*

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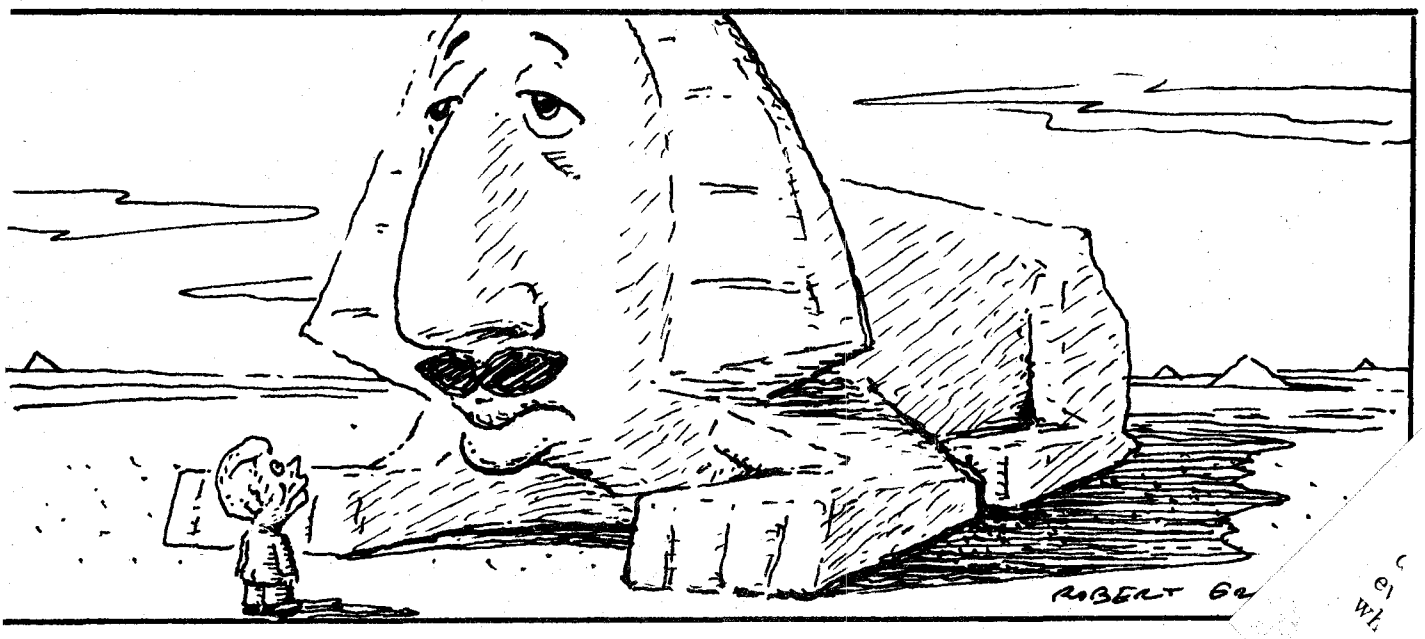
nce the historic Jerusalem trip, and the more froth ıere is the more the worldly-wise Egyptians notice ıe lack of substance. And, although many of them re quite enjoying their holiday from the dour repetions of Arab nationalism, it has not escaped their noce that Egypt is now unprecedentedly isolated in the .rab world, and increasingly identified with the in-ɛrests of a superpower. Others may differ, but it ɛems to many that a turning point in the process was ɛached last autumn, when Sadat offered to become The Cuba of the Americans in Africa" if the United tates in turn would furnish him with a Carter Plan ɔr prosperity along Marshall Plan lines.

Carter has so far been too preoccupied with other ıatters to get around to the resuscitation of Egypt's conomy, but Sadat is firmly convinced that the deıise of the Shah leaves him as the main guarantor of .merican interests in the region (and, funnily nough, for the same reason, so is Begin). He has just ispatched a small force of commandos to Oman, in esponse to an appeal from Sultan Qabus, who anounces final victory over his guerrilla opponents very two years or so. Until recently, Iranian soldiers ad taken over the British role in Oman, but now adat seems willing to plug the gap and let others raw the parallels. Outdated Russian equipment has lso been sold or lent to Zaire, Sudan and Somalia. Of ourse, Sadat will never be able to emulate the grandiose interventionism of the Shah, but military pending is still the largest item in the current udget ($1.4 billion). It is matched only by debt and nterest repayments, which total $1.3 billion. Which s the other half of the story.

Egypt's economy has been falling apart for a very ong time now and, like Italy, the country has surived many premature obituaries. But in recent years he position has become truly chronic, and the Interıational Monetary Fund was forced to impose very trict terms. These include the slashing of subsidies ɔn food and other necessities that sustain the majority of Egyptians. The terms have led to considerable unrest when combined with other price rises, and in January 1977 they led to quite serious riots. When the police called at the N.P.U.P. offices in mid-January this year, they found a meeting in progress and demanded to know what it was about. The organizers replied that it was to commemorate Abdel Nasser's birthday, traditionally celebrated at this time. The police response was to accuse them of lying and to point out that it was the second anniversary of the riots! The cops showed, perhaps, a livelier appreciation of the dangers of an opposition party than they realized. And one of the party leaders arrested—Hussein Abdel Razak—had by coincidence just published a book on the causes of the January events, although disapproval had compelled him to do so in Beirut.

Sadat says he needs $21 billion over the next five years for his Carter Plan. In the meantime he is contenting himself with the *infitah*, which has failed (partly because of Camp David) to attract investment from the Arabian Peninsula but has succeeded in creating a new class of speculator and middleman and widening the gap between rich and poor. It has also led to a hefty crop of scandals, notably the one surrounding the "Pyramid Project," a huge tourist complex, which caused his claque of relatives and friends to buckle under the strain of probity. This does little to calm political and social unrest at the grass roots, and the N.P.U.P. reports a large gain in membership from its clean-government plank alone.

If it were not for his overeager attitude toward the American imperium, Sadat's Camp David policy would land him in less internal trouble. His irreconcilable opponents are not strong, and are not unified among themselves. There is the hard left, which objects to the abandonment of the Palestinians and to the famous Article Six of the Camp David agreement, which puts the treaty with Israel above any other treaties. And there is the somewhat resurgent Mos-



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lem Brotherhood, which simply argues that there is no doing business with Jews. This last organization is experiencing a relatively fast growth in membership and support, much of it from the educated youth who were once drawn toward the Marxist underground. It is not at all uncommon to see the white djellaba adorning male students, or the veil concealing female ones. Indeed, student elections have been won by groups demanding segregated cafeterias and facilities. At kiosks, one can count on seeing the glossy front of *Al-Dawa* (The Call) in which the Brotherhood makes its official policy statements. These usually take the prudent form of attacking Camp David but not directly criticizing Sadat. In any case, Sadat's reluctance to offend the Saudis any further is an insurance for the Brotherhood against the sort of treatment they used to receive at the hands of Nasser.

Often at the very same kiosks, you can buy little tapes of Sheik Abdel Hamid Kishk, a blind preacher who popularizes Islamic puritanism. These and other pressures have occasionally led to Sadat proposing fundamentalist measures in the People's Assembly, such as flogging for sexual offenses and more or less the same for alcoholic ones. Although passed into the statute books, most of these laws remain inert in the face of Egyptian cynicism. But they are there if they are ever needed against dissent or disorder, and they exemplify another face of Sadat's rule, which is its extreme unpredictability.

Mohammed Heykal, a man who has monitored Sadat very closely, first as courtier-*cum*-adviser and lately as harassed opponent, fears that if Camp David fails Egypt may be pushed into some desperate measure in order to reingratiate itself with the Arab world. He points to the sudden and hasty way in which Sadat has decided to embrace the Sudan, calling even for total fusion between the two countries as a means of getting *Lebensraum* for overpopulated Egypt. Fears, such as the likely revival of secessionism among the southern Sudanese if the process is forced along in this way, are brushed aside in a wave of Pharaonic and Nilotic imagery and rhetoric—always an unhealthy sign when it appears in Egyptian politics. And Heykal points wanly, too, to the erratic way in which this same rhetoric is used to smear internal dissent with the stigma of "unpatriotic" or "antinational." With the once-vigorous Cairo press now tamed and tedious, this task is made easier for the hacklike figures who remain. Sadat, then, has made the mistake of making three large promises he has been unable to keep. The achievement of peace with Israel will generate Arab backlash. As for the economy, one has only to see the new Rameses Hilton rising (very near the already existing Nile Hilton) out of an impoverished and decayed city to see the "open door" in action. And on political liberalization, Sadat ven suppressed the old conservative Wafd Party ven it became an alternate pole of attraction to his middle-class clientele. He has one other problen too—the internal stability of Israel and the occupie territories.

This is not as far-fetched as it sounds. Sadat ha made Begin's problems his own—and somewha linked his fortunes with those of his sometime rival. I is also obviously true that if the West Bank remain restive, and continues to repudiate the "autonomy Camp David offers, then Jordan will stay out of th negotiations and there will be no final accord. So i should not depress only Begin that recently his ad viser for Arab affairs said that he saw no point in con tinuing in his post. Dr. Moshe Sharon was echoing th findings of a Knesset subcommittee, which recom mended that there be a minister for the job rathe than a Prime Ministerial adviser. But in giving hi reasons, Dr. Sharon opened up a hornet's nest of criti cism. It was distinctly unsatisfactory, he said, that h was not notified when the security forces blew up a Arab home. Or that he was not even called in unti after the situation had turned ugly. It was equally ab surd that the removal of Bedouins from the Negev for instance, should be conducted without his knowl edge or consent. Dr. Sharon also expressed disquie about the situation in the northern district aroun Galilee, where the notorious anti-Arab Israel Keni holds sway through the Ministry of the Interior. An he is worried, too, about the situation in the universi ties where "Palestinian consciousness" is growing an where relations between Jewish and Arab student have deteriorated.

In a recent article on this problem, former Ministe Moshe Kol wrote of the new Israeli Arabs:

> This younger generation does not want to be the "woodcutters and water-drawers" of Israel. University graduates do not want to wash dishes in restaurants and hotels, and they are being pushed toward the thought that their salvation will not be found within Israel. While we are very involved in the problems of the peace process between Israel and the neighboring states, the situation inside Israel is worsening.

These stubborn facts, both large and small, must dis compose Sadat. And the Iranian revolution has made life more difficult in two ways. It has made the issue of Sinai oil vastly more important, and reduced the area for concessions. More generally, it has put a sort of heart into the rebellious forces of the region, and set off a discussion among Moslems of all shades that will have incalculable consequences. It would be rash to predict an upheaval in Egypt, where, however arbitrarily the regime behaves, it still runs society on a light rein. But the fact of Sadat's many failures, and the magnitude of them, is very difficult to discount. As American influence is diminished elsewhere in the Middle East, those who have staked everything on it are naturally feeling the chill. And now that they have roped themselves together by the Camp David gamble, America's allies are increasingly interdependent and to that extent increasingly unstable. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Us and Them

ARTHUR GOLD

ORIENTALISM. *By Edward Said. Pantheon Books. 384 pp. $15.*

Said has been one of the major importers of the French "new" criticism into American literary scholarship. He has not simply described it but incorporated it into his habits of mind, so that it has become a second nature. Everything Edward Said says shows the contemporary French consciousness of signs and intentions. He assumes always that signs come first, that they displace what they signify, and that the ostensible subject of any text is absent from it—displaced by that text, as the daffodils that Dorothy Wordsworth saw by the daffodils about which William Wordsworth wrote, as Wordsworth's poem by the texts in which his poetry is criticized, and so on ad infinitum, one text swallowing up another, and making it disappear, or making something else out of it, and no text standing as quite the original or final text, before which there is no before, after which there is no after. As for intentions, they are what precede us into the world, for before the world appears to us we are in it, and have our designs upon it; we cannot know it apart from our grasping fingers and appetent lips any more than, by opening our eyes very quickly as we look at ourselves in the mirror in the morning, we can catch a glimpse of ourselves as we were before we woke up.

But Said is by no means the captive of French structuralism or phenomenology or of any other theory of language or literature. He is fond of the word "practical," and he will put any theory to work if it promises to yield an interpretation of text, so long as it does not promise to yield any more than that. Another word of which he is fond is "rational," for he seems to value the act of understanding above all things; and he does not conclude from the fact that we can know nothing but signs that our knowledge of signs is not a real knowledge. It is a real human knowledge, impregnated through and through with the practical conditions of human life.

The point of Said's first major work, *Beginnings*, was that nihilism and despair were not the defining characteristics of a modernist approach to text but rather a kind of rational *ascesis*, or humanizing sacrifice of the presumption that we can know anything we have not made. He found such sacrifice practiced, for example, in Conrad's *Nostromo*, which he read as the story of Conrad's coming to grips with the arrogance of his own intentions, and with the difference between the work that embodied his intentions and its multiple unintelligible unconstructed sources in human life. In this interpretation as in others, Said was indebted not alone to the likes of Derrida and Merleau-Ponty but also, and more significantly, to that 18th-century prophet of modernism, the historiographer Vico, who was the first to say plainly that history alone can be understood by man, because man alone is the maker of history, and man can understand only what man has made. Now man has not made himself, or other selves, or the natural world from which his symbols come. So, can there be any conscious understanding of anything that does not, or should not, also involve a good humanizing humiliation of the maker of meaning before the prolific chaos from which his meanings come, and to which they prevent him from returning?

The authors who seemed to interest Said most in *Beginnings* were ironists—Swift, Conrad, Kierkegaard—capable of implying the difference between signs and things signified, even as they went about constructing an intelligible order of signs. They knew what speech could only point to, and they spoke about that. But the best illustration of Said's strangely rational modernism lay in the text, *Beginnings*, itself. It was partly autobiographical (as all self-aware writing is, according to him), and it expressed his fears as he considered all that he would have to leave out, and all that he would have to make up, if he were to succeed in substituting a text of his own for that of the authors in whom he was interested. He overcame his fears by meditating on them in the company of writers who seemed to him to express a similar panic. Thus his own professional predicament became the basis of the intelligible order that he was able to discover among a variety of texts. Thus, too, he was able to confess that though the order he discovered was real, it did not exist apart from the work in which he worked his anxieties out. It was real as a forest becomes real to a hunter who hunts in it. It was not real in abstraction from his own human needs and purposes.

Orientalism, Said's latest, is more readable than *Beginnings* and also more political and contentious; yet—to use another word of which he is fond—it is very deeply "continuous" with his earlier work. He defines Orientalism as the concept of a difference between East and West. The Orient, he says, exists but in relation to the Occident, as its opposite. The same is not true, of course, of such terms as "Islam," which does not exist only in opposition to Christianity or Judaism, or "Arab." But what happened in the history of Orientalist writing, according to Said, was that the Orient and the Arabs became one, the latter ceasing to exist to Europeans except as "Orientals"—that is, exclusively in terms of their difference from Europeans. It is as if one were to understand writing only as nonspeaking, or women only as nonmen.

Naturally, as a Palestinian Arab, Said resents Orientalism, for it leaves him and the likes of him out, rarely referring to the lived experience of the Arab, rarely granting that the Arab has the capacity for experience, experience being what Europeans have *of* Arabs, and experience therefore figuring as one of the marks of distinction between European and non-European races. But resentment is as good a motive to composition as any other (as good a motive, say, as anxiety), and Said is not just scandalized, he is also fascinated by the structures of mind into which his resentment affords him insight. Indeed, he has never been so much the Viconian as in this book, the most basic contention of which is that the vast edifice of Orientalist writing about Islam makes sense and takes form and becomes a whole once we understand it as willed human work intending the displacement of the Arab. It didn't happen in a day, and it didn't just happen. It was the meaningful work of writers cooperating obscurely with one another to the end of substituting an intelligible structure of their own design (Orientalism) for what would otherwise have been the unintelligible reality of a world inhabited by individuals not altogether unlike themselves. Ever the ironist, Said would have the Orientalist writers take full credit for their work.

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and not continue to imagine that the Arabs, their objects, were at all responsible for Orientalism.

There are some obvious points which Said has to concede, in order to make his own meaning clear. He acknowledges that all cultures have their concepts of the difference between "us" and "them." He acknowledges further that for ages European writers experienced the Orient as an imaginary realm only. They believed in it, but it had little to do with the actual history of rival Arab states, or with actual interaction between Europeans and Arabs. Finally, Said acknowledges that during the Enlightenment, Orientalist writing underwent a change for the better. The Oriental was still, as in medieval times, an imaginary man, but writers such as Montesquieu used imaginary Oriental characters to the end of challenging and subverting, rather than continuing, the ordinary commonplace ethnocentrism of Europeans. Montesquieu in particular sought a definition of human nature on which no culture would have the monopoly. Where then did the trouble start?

Said points to two events in the history of modern Europe. One was the rise of Semitic philology, the other, imperialism. The Semitic philologists, he says, reduced Orientalism to a science. They studied ancient texts, the literary heritage of Islam. They found that they could interpret these texts if they presupposed behind them a world the very opposite of their own: unscientific, ahistorical, not respectful of the individual, indifferent to waste and repetition, *etc*, and *etc*., any supposed European norm working well, so long as its opposite could be found exemplified in some Islamic text.

Now one does not easily doubt a concept on the basis of which one succeeds in interpreting a text. The text became the proof of the theory that made sense of it, as in the paper of any student who believes that the truth of an assertion consists in the number of quotations that he can string together in support of it. If further, nonliterary proof was wanted, it was found in the observed behavior of peoples who had been newly reduced to a state of material dependence on the West. For misery too was a fact, and the signs of contemporary Arabic political and economic weakness were everywhere, and why should one not read them as if they too were a text, of which the essential timeless indiscipline and inaptitude for scientific progress of the Oriental was the explanation?

There was nothing that modern Europe had done to Asia that the character of the Asiatic (in the European version of it) could not explain. Book followed book. Orientalism became an industry. Arabs provided the raw materials—European Orientalists licked them into shape—until it became difficult for Arabs themselves to see themselves except in an Orientalist mirror. And it didn't much matter whether the Orientalist who shaped this mirror was a poet who loved his Arab brothers (as one loves one's opposites, and desires to complete one's being in theirs), or a sociologist coldly cataloguing the customs of an alien race. Nor did it much matter whether the Arab looking into this mirror saw himself as deeply spiritual (in opposition to the profane West) or as passionately erotic (in opposition to the Puritanical West). What mattered—or at least what matters to Said—is that his human right to self-representation had been taken away.

Said says that this sort of Orientalism lives on into our times. It is hard to see how it can't—it is sometimes the same thing as sympathy. I am not an Orientalist or an Arab, and so I cannot really judge, but at times, especially as Said approaches his own epoch, he seems to me to exaggerate the evils of Orientalism. He accuses a contemporary scholar of reducing Arab revolutionaries to animals, when the scholar in question does nothing more than note that the Arab word for rebellion comes from a root meaning to "rise up," which can also be used for camels. Putting everything else aside, it seems to me important to be just to the conscious intentions of writers, and I worry that Said may not consider justice in this sense necessary, or possible, or good.

There is, however, another side of the coin. Suppose that Said has partly invented Orientalism, as his general attitude toward method would suggest that he has. Suppose further that he has displaced the Orientalists with his consciousness of them, much as they (in his view) have displaced the Arabs, in order that they may see themselves in him, reflected in his understanding of their intentions toward himself. Then the symmetry between *Orientalism* and Orientalism would be such that one would become cautious of treating either as if there existed an external reality corresponding to them. And one would use *Orientalism* not as one uses history but as one uses fiction, understanding that fiction, just as much as history, bears indirect relation to human life. Orientalism as described by Said would become the constructed symbol of a real enough human evil—our tendency to seek proof of human differences, our ability to make people over as our own opposites. And we in apprehending that symbol would seek to inhibit the tendency symbolized. We would try to imagine, try to live our way into, a world inhabited only by individuals of whom we knew nothing but that they exist—each the unintelligible center of an intelligible order of signs. □

Talking Up Politics

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

DIALOGUES ON AMERICAN POLITICS. *By Irving Louis Horowitz and Seymour Martin Lipset. Oxford University Press. 199 pp. $10. Paper $2.95.*

Two of the country's distinguished political sociologists, Seymour Martin Lipset and Irving Louis Horowitz, are paired in this slim volume through a dialogue format designed to enable them to "debate the key premises and propositions" of their field, and to assay the state of the union. Lipset and Horowitz claim in the preface that an "authentic dialogue" along such lines is "long overdue." They go on to warn the reader of potential problems and limitations arising from the dialogue form. First, the informality induced by the form may threaten to reduce "scholarly dialogue to witty repartee." Second, difficulties invariably arise when "discourse takes place between people of disparate backgrounds or ideological persuasions" thus turning "authentic dialogue" into "antipathetic diatribes." (Lipset, a former Harvard professor now at Stanford, is associated with the new Neoconservatism; Horowitz, a Rutgers faculty member, is linked to a more radical left perspective within his field.) Despite these potential difficulties, Lipset and Horowitz went forth united in a belief that political sociology "has much to recommend itself."

The reader, then, is invited implicitly to evaluate *Dialogues on American Politics* by several touchstones. First, he or she must assess the authors' explicit treatment of their subject matter—

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American politics—broken down into sections on Polity, Equality, Presidency and Development. Second, the reader must treat the volume as a sample of the "key premises and propositions" of political sociology and go on to evaluate the coherence and contributions of that discipline. Finally, I decided one ought to keep a sharp lookout for that "witty repartee" Lipset and Horowitz warned might erupt occasionally in lieu of more staid "scholarly dialogue." As wit has never been the long suit of academic social science, should *Dialogues* turn out to be peppered with such repartee, I decided that it would be a pleasant respite from the Sanforized prose one most often finds in scholarly treatments of political life.

As I began my reading of *Dialogues* I recalled an observation made several years ago by one of my mentors in political theory. He insisted that the problem with political sociology was its tendency to submerge politics into a blur of undifferentiated social processes, structures and functions. In so doing, its practitioners could no longer *see* politics as the ordering and animating principle of shared life, the locus of some ideal of the general good and a public ethic. Instead, they spoke of politics as but one function among many aimed at maintaining a system's equilibrium. I turned to one of Lipset's earlier efforts, *Political Man*, published in 1963, and found politics defined as a set of processes which were nothing more than "special cases of social and psychological relations." Now for someone like myself who works within and out of the tradition of Plato and Aristotle, Augustine and Aquinas, Machiavelli and Hobbes, and the enigmatic Rousseau, such a notion of politics is dismaying, for it fails to make serious conceptual contact with a tradition of political discourse that goes back at least as far as the fifth century B.C. I put the question to myself: would either or both dialogists discuss the possible revitalization of the American polity within such terms of political discourse as equality, justice, freedom and liberation or would I confront yet another de-politicization of politics?

In order to treat this question at some length, I shall confine my critical notice to a detailed discussion of section one, the Polity. *Dialogues* begins with Professor Lipset expounding on ideology, a concept he has come to regard as applicable, within quite narrow boundaries, to American political life. Not all that many years ago, as part of the "end of ideology" movement spearheaded by Daniel Bell, Lipset held that we in the industrial West, particularly in America, neither had nor needed an ideological politics for we, as a society, had solved the fundamental problems of social inequality. Ideological politics was the bane of totalitarian and underdeveloped societies. Faced in the late 1970s with a cost of living that has doubled since 1967, pervasive and chronic unemployment, the neglect of the old and the ill, and an overall malaise resulting from the draining of our political institutions of much of their normative significance, Lipset realizes something has happened that he must attempt to explain.

He begins by advancing the notion that the pattern of politics in the United States is comprised of five different factions (also called "ideal groups" or "major issue publics"), the largest of which is an "economically liberal-socially conservative one." These interest groups hold divergent ideologies but they "mesh to elect governments" unless "some unanticipated major event" (the war in Vietnam is cited by Lipset as one such "event") erupts and breaks up the tidy pattern of politics-as-usual. Horowitz takes up this challenge by chiding Lipset for being insufficiently cautious in his application of the notion of ideology to American party politics, but his own efforts to clarify what is ideological and what is not are equally arbitrary. He insists, for example, that only the left in America "sees itself in highly ideological terms." The center, he argues, is coalitionist and the right is, or sees itself as, dedicated to traditional American "virtues and values." Why a devotion to traditional American "virtues and values" fails to constitute an ideological position is not discussed by Horowitz; indeed, his view, like Lipset's, seems somewhat muddled from the start.

Horowitz's central objection to Lipset's views on ideology seems to be that he favors a tripartite division of the American electorate (right, center, left, or fundamentalism, coalitionism and radicalism) and Lipset insists on a five-group division. This is hardly stuff to stir the political imagination.

Clearly neither Lipset nor Horowitz shares the view of social critics, including Marxist, Frankfurt school theorists and psychoanalytic political analysts, that the way in which the social world appears to its participants may not reflect the full and complete reality of that world. The argument goes like this: one's understanding of the operations of the social system may be seen, in part, "through the eyes" of those en-

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Garry Wills, winner of the 1978 National Book Critics Circle Award, is back with his first work of fiction, "*At Button's.*"

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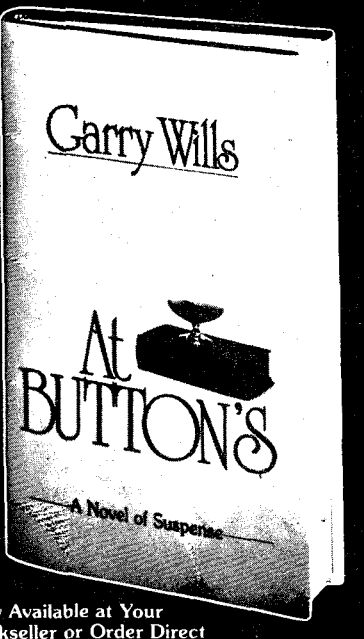

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gaged in exploiting or oppressing one. To the extent that the exploited worker shares the view of social reality of those exploiting him, his self and his social understanding have been distorted seriously; indeed, his views may be said to be "ideological" in contrast to, say, theoretical, reflective or interpretive. This view of ideology takes us far outside the narrowly construed boundaries of *Dialogues*.

Much of the discussion throughout the volume has the unfortunate prose qualities and level of discourse of a high school civics primer. Lipset, for example, proffers the following bit of wisdom: given the fact that the Democratic Party is the majority party, "when people vote along party lines the Democrats win." Or, "Presidential elections . . . help focus attention on issues . . . and on the characteristics of the candidates." Horowitz, too, displays an occasional facility for the trivial, e.g., "There is, for example, no doubt that the party of equality is the Democratic Party and that the party of liberty is the Republican Party." This statement is so loaded with unexamined assumptions and so oversimplified that it is embarrassing. The book is billed as a dialogue for academics and for the "thoughtful citizen" alike. But the specialist will find it simplistic and the "thoughtful citizen" will, I wager, drift away by the time he has reached, say, page 54 (the conclusion of the discourse on the Polity) and finds that no competing visions of America's polity and its potential reconstruction have been proffered or even hinted at, that no impassioned views have been unabashedly joined, and that our core concepts of political discourse have emerged sparingly and tangentially.

Whenever the discussion threatens to get abrasive, one or the other of the parties to the dialogue smoothes the barely troubled waters. A case in point: Horowitz modestly and gently chides Lipset's approving remarks concerning the report issued under the auspices of the Trilateral Commission (Samuel Huntington of Harvard wrote the United States section of the report) which concludes that a measure of inequality together with a curb or limit on democratic participation and free expression may be necessary in order to preserve our way of life. Horowitz calls this a "misuse of history." Is that all? One thinks of rather more pointed terms with which to characterize a capitulation to reaction which expresses the essence of an elitist, technological politics.

Perhaps my criticism of *Dialogues* can be set in clearest relief by referring to several passages in which Professor Lipset, discussing the extensive changes which have come over American life since 1965 and about which he is at best ambivalent, remarks first, that popular protests by minorities and their (sometimes grudging) acceptance by majorities present few surprises. But, he says, one "of the things that puzzles me is the role played by the courts in these processes." In acknowledging the major part played by the courts, on all levels, in effecting social change, Lipset is stymied: "But why judges and lawyers, who have been thought largely of as part of the privileged, relatively conservative establishment, should play this kind of dynamic role is a phenomenon I confess I do not really understand." He cannot figure out why the courts have "so consistently backed reform." That Lipset is unable to understand why the courts have played a role in social change should have prompted him to rethink his own position. Instead, he slides past the question by evoking vague generalities ("universalistic, egalitarian norms and morality") as a statement of views presumedly held by those playing legal "roles" rather than attempting to understand America's legal institutions as powerful but partially autonomous embodiments, at their best, of the country's democratic ideals. The political sociologist's technological language of structures and functions, inputs and outputs, marginal utilities and feasibility studies, inhibits serious consideration of law, politics and ethics in substantive terms. Yet such consideration is necessary in order to treat the role of law in social change, for many of our basic notions of justice, checks on arbitrary abuse of power and, simply, fair play are tied in with our legal institutions and with the relationship of citizens to those institutions. Horowitz, unfortunately, does little better at capturing this dimension of the polity.

As *Dialogues* moves through the sections on Equality, Presidency and Development, one finds an occasional insight or interesting tidbit but, on the whole, none of the subsequent sections rises above the level set in the first. Equality, for example, might have been a lively debate about a complex concept and political problem but the discussion falters. The reader is treated to much detailed evidence of the existence of inequality in American life but conceptual clarity is missing. Garry Wills's treatment of the equality issue in *Nixon Agonistes* is much bolder and more provocative. *Dialogues*, finally, disappoints. It enhanced rather than allayed my suspicion that the "key premises and propositions" of political sociology tend to be more or less unreflectively held and are very short indeed on coherent explanations of our turbulent political realities. Most notably missing are those action concepts, tied to a participatory view of citizenship and an Aristotelian insistence on politics as an attempt to attain the "good" of a life lived in common with others, that are essential to any attempt to imaginatively reconstruct our political life and thought.

Finally, *Dialogues* is not funny. If I hadn't been teased with the possibility of "witty repartee" at the outset, I would not have mentioned its absence. □

Book Notes

Medical Issues

GEORGE J. ANNAS

SUFFER THE CHILDREN: The Story of Thalidomide. *By The Insight Team of* The Sunday Times *of London. The Viking Press. 309 pp. $12.95.*

The Insight Team of *The Sunday Times* of London culminates a decade of investigative reporting with the publication of this remarkably complete and compelling story of the thalidomide tragedy. The book should be required reading for everyone interested in law, medicine and health care. It painstakingly documents the discovery and marketing of the drug, gradual disenchantment and recall, and the tortuous road the victims had to crawl to get a small measure of monetary compensation. While emphasis is on the British experience, the drug control and legal systems of the United States and Germany are also described in careful detail. It will surprise many that by far the most effective legal system for compensating victims is found in the United States with its contingency fee system, whereas one of the least responsive is the British system, characterized by Government-

George J. Annas is a lawyer and writer who teaches health law at Boston University. His books include The Rights of Hospital Patients *(Avon) and* Genetics & the Law *(Plenum).*

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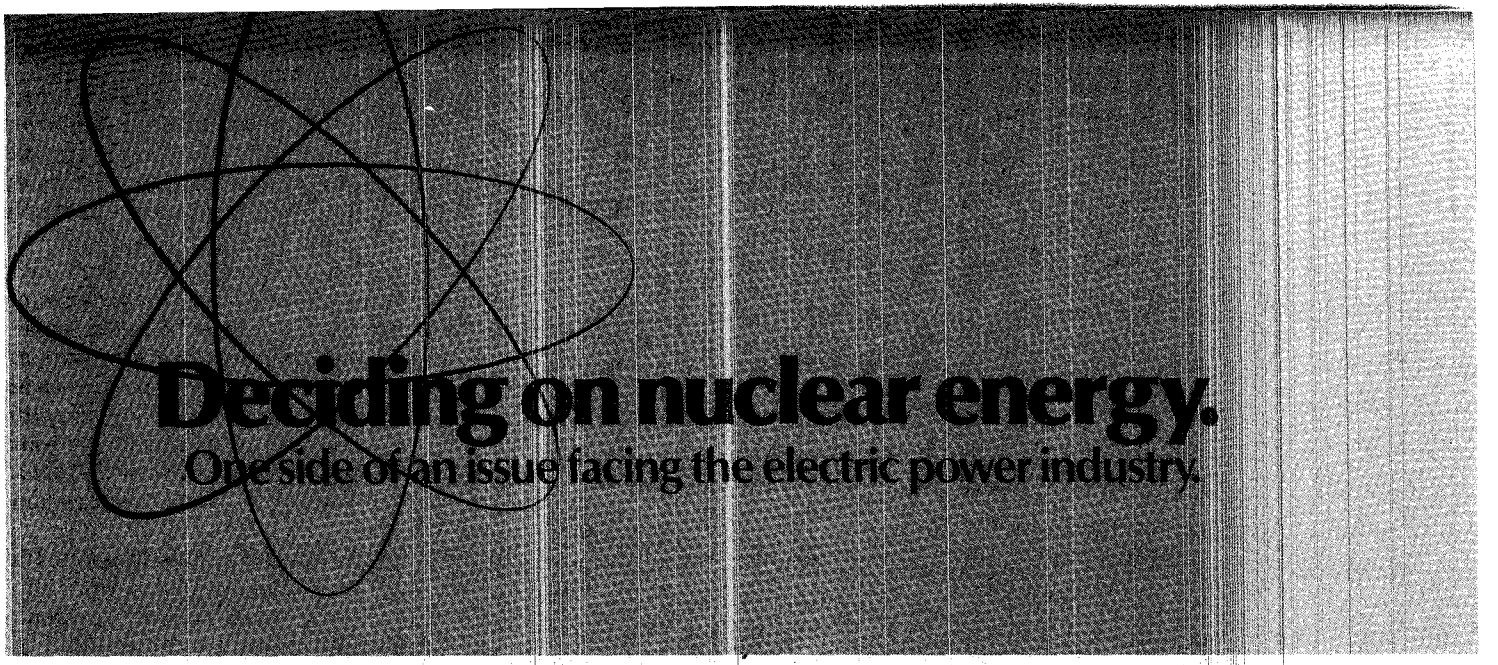

Deciding on nuclear energy.

One side of an issue facing the electric power industry.

Nuclear power is not the energy form of the uture. It is very much a part of the present. And mportant national decisions must be made if it is to :ontinue to make its contribution to energy supply.

Nuclear plants have been generating electric- ty commercially in the U.S. since 1957. Today, 71)lants provide 12% of this country's electricity—about as much as we get from hydro-electric dams, more han *all* electric power generated in the country in 1946. In some areas, most of the electricity people use is nuclear. 95 more nuclear stations are now under construction. The number of countries with nuclear power programs is now 53.

A clean record

Nuclear generation of electricity has grown because of its safety, reliability and economy. No other industry started with a greater appreciation of potential hazards. None is operated under more stringent occupational and environmental safeguards.

The American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recently reported that, among the principal fuels available for electricity production over the next 25 years, nuclear power has the lowest adverse impact on health.

The near future

Nuclear power makes economic sense in meeting growing energy demands and in reducing the nation's dependence on oil and gas.

Unless we try to rely entirely on coal production for generation, or to shut down the economy until forms like solar power prove affordable, nuclear power will become increasingly important to the near-term well-being of the country.

Nuclear policy

The electric utility industry agrees with the many expert opinions that ultimate disposal of radioactive wastes presents no insurmountable technical problems. Several acceptable methods are available.

But failure of the federal government to implement available nuclear waste disposal technology is being mistakenly seen as an indication that the nuclear waste issue cannot be resolved.

Recently, we urged the Administration to take advantage of extensive, existing technical and scientific knowledge and to implement a program on a rigid schedule to provide a spent-fuel storage facility and a waste repository at the earliest practical time. These steps are necessary to assure the continued operation of nuclear power plants, to minimize the uncertainty that has been slowing down commitments for future nuclear plants in this country, and to separate the waste disposal issue from the licensing of new power plants.

Congress has divided responsibility for the national waste management program among several agencies of the federal government. The Department of Energy, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Environmental Protection Agency have elements of responsibility.

Now, Congress must provide additional effective legislative guidance for the waste management and spent-fuel storage programs.

The long run

Opinion polls repeatedly show that majorities of the American people support the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. Where nuclear plants are in operation, the percentages are even higher.

If we are to be able to take advantage of the economic and energy-supply opportunities presented by nuclear energy, both in the near term and the long term, the federal government will need to take responsible action today.

If you would like to read more about nuclear energy as a source of electricity or learn more about the management of high-level radioactive wastes and spent fuel, write to us: Edison Electric Institute, 90 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016. We will be glad to send you more information.

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financed legal aid and a rule that prevents the press from reporting on cases in litigation. In terms of prevention, however, the authors' unassailable conclusion is that "it could happen again."

PAIN & PROFIT: The Politics of Malpractice. *By Sylvia Law and Steven Polan. Harper & Row. 305 pp. $12.95.*

Ignore the corny title: *Pain and Profit* is the best book written about medical malpractice insurance since the inception of the so-called medical malpractice crisis. The authors, both lawyers, intelligently examine the crisis from the public, legal and insurance industry perspectives and conclude that because none of the recent changes in state laws addresses its primary causes—arbitrary malpractice premium rate increases and negligent acts by physicians—they will have little effect on it. While most injured patients do not fare well under the current system, malpractice litigation is the only effective method of quality control over which the public has any influence.

MEDICAL MYSTERY: The Training of Doctors in the United States. *By Steven Jonas. W.W. Norton & Company. 426 pp. $15.*

Dr. Steven Jonas gives the concerned citizen a quick and relatively painless ride through the labyrinth of our health care "nonsystem." Identifying the physician as the primary cause of most of the system's shortcomings, especially its concentration on disease instead of health, the author proposes new rules for medical education: "Health-Oriented Physician Education" (HOPE). There is little hope, however, that changes in physician education alone will soon, if ever, produce the fundamental changes in the health sector that the author eloquently argues are vital to us all.

MAKING MEDICAL CHOICES: Who Is Responsible? *By Jane J. Stein. Houghton Mifflin Company. 270 pp. $10.95.*

This short book by a knowledgeable journalist provides the novice with an overview of some of the major issues addressed by the new field of medical ethics. In sections labeled birth, life and death, the author raises most of the relevant questions. Frustratingly, she refuses to take a position on them. □

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Strongly partisan movies on social themes can turn out more innocent than convincing; the characters get jerked around on the director's strings, and God's finger tilts the scales of virtue. Not so, however, in the case of Martin Ritt's *Norma Rae*. It records a battle for union recognition in a Southern mill town (the picture was made in Alabama) and is so partisan that the resident agents of the owners wear drooping Confederate cavalry mustaches, symbols of man's inhumanity to man. (It should be noted, though, that the real-life enemies of civic decency tend to typecast themselves; I offer as evidence the henchmen of absentee ownership in *Harlan County, USA* and Cohn and Schine hovering over the shoulder of Joe McCarthy in Edward R. Murrow's famous chapter of *See It Now*.)

Norma Rae draws its dramatic life and a good deal of legitimate emotion, in the first place, from the intelligent, pungent, often witty dialogue of the screenplay written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. Further, the principals, who know good material when it is given them, throw themselves into their parts with professional glee. Sally Field, in the title role, is a young widow with one legitimate and one bastard child, a provocative body, sharp mind and short temper. Opposite her, working single-handed (until she joins him) to rally the mill hands from their fear and lethargy, is Reuben Marshasky (Ron Leibman), a Jewish labor organizer from New York. As Norma Rae tells him, she has never seen a Jew before (his reaction to that statement is a delight), and it takes her some time to penetrate his breezy, street-tough, no horseshit manner. The growing relationship between these two is the substance of the film; they are at once a two-man commando and a couple falling deeply into a love they are too experienced to consummate. Indeed, in midpicture Norma Rae marries Sonny (Beau Bridges, who is extraordinarily effective in the recessive part of a young Southern male sapped of everything but his sweetness).

The Norma Rae-Reuben combination is dangerously "good theater"; it could easily have seemed commercially canny, touching nerves across the spectrum of the audience. It does that, to be sure, but under Ritt's scrupulously respectful direction, Field and Leibman play their rich parts with an inner conviction and daring openness that are exciting and moving.

The picture ends when the plant's serfs vote, in defiance of management's threats, to be represented by the union. It ends, thus, on a crest of present victory and future hope which those who know the ways of Southern industry will find optimistic. It takes more than a successful election to convince one of those mills that a new day has arrived. However, within the frame of this story, Reuben and Norma Rae earn the joy in their triumph and each other.

Since any attempt to apply satire to the fraudulence in television merits the support of right-thinking citizens, I feel an obligation to applaud Albert Brooks's *Real Life*. But for the life of me I cannot; if this is satire, it has the sharp cutting edge of a sandbag.

The seed of Brooks's inspiration is the fate that befell the Loud family a while back, when its members consented to pursue their lives for a year under the constant observation of a TV crew. Anthropologists, it is notorious, by their mere presence distort any primitive society they investigate, and it is Brooks's thesis that anthropological TV, which also has an entertainment ax to grind, not only distorts but disastrously traumatizes the objects of its "scientific" investigation.

So far, so good, but with satire, as with other weapons of aggression, there's such a thing as overkill. Brooks, who casts himself as the presiding genius of his travesty, comes across as a man so devoid of honesty, sensitivity and common sense—all of which deficiencies he tries to make good with frenetic activity and a loud mouth—that I was too much absorbed in hating him to appreciate the allegedly sardonic humor of his effect on the dimwitted victims of his insistent charm. He becomes more unbearable as his project grows less viable, and it could be said that by the end he has fallen into madness but for the fact that he is certifiable from the start.

There are, to be fair, some telling devices and situations in *Real Life*. I liked the notion of cameras being worn like diving helmets, a "breakthrough" that creates a technological centaur. And the wife's visit to her gynecologist, accompanied by all the gear and personnel of candid TV, was promising, but ruined in a way typical of Brooks's lack of restraint by the added jape of having

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the doctor exposed as a convicted merchant of unwanted infants.

Despite such occasional sparks, the film is ugly and heavy, and I doubt that so extreme a caricature of the phenomenon it professes to admonish has much purging value. Satire, by dint of wit, must win you to its point of view; *Real Life*, which has not a trace of wit, though innumerable yaks, heaps the viewer's indignation upon itself. But then I may not be the right judge—I found *An American Family* so embarrassing an experience that I could not watch it beyond the first chapter, and I am no doubt unreasonably exacting in my notion of how it might have been subjected to Gulliver's revenge upon complacency and the moral pretensions of the establishment. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

When one day years ago I voiced the opinion to that wonderful scene designer Boris Aronson that every artist has one individual and essential thing to say, his response was "My only message is that everything is getting too big."

I recall that exchange because as I look back at the past weeks it strikes me that the "little things" are those that most pleased me. For example: the opening of the New Apollo Theatre (234 West 43rd Street) with the modest but charming *On Golden Pond* which I reviewed earlier this season. The addition to New York's meager supply of playhouses where normal dramatic fare can be properly staged (in contrast to the immense edifices suitable only to tremendous spectacles) is particularly welcome. And I also experienced delight at The National Theatre of Prague's *Coquelico* (Twenty-two Steps on Broadway: 200 West 48th Street), the creation of the world-renowned Czech scenographer, Josef Svoboda. Here he merges actors with a background of enchanting camera work (or "cinerama") in a lively entertainment for children from 10 to 100.

Sweeney Todd (Uris Theatre), on the other hand, is in every respect very big. Like most of the recent productions we owe to the talented team of director Harold Prince and the lyricist-composer Stephen Sondheim—in this instance employing a book by the playwright Hugh Wheeler—*Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street* is a most ambitious undertaking. Based on Christopher Bond's dramatic 1973 adaptation of the original 1847 melodrama, the Sondheim-Wheeler-Prince piece is called a "musical thriller."

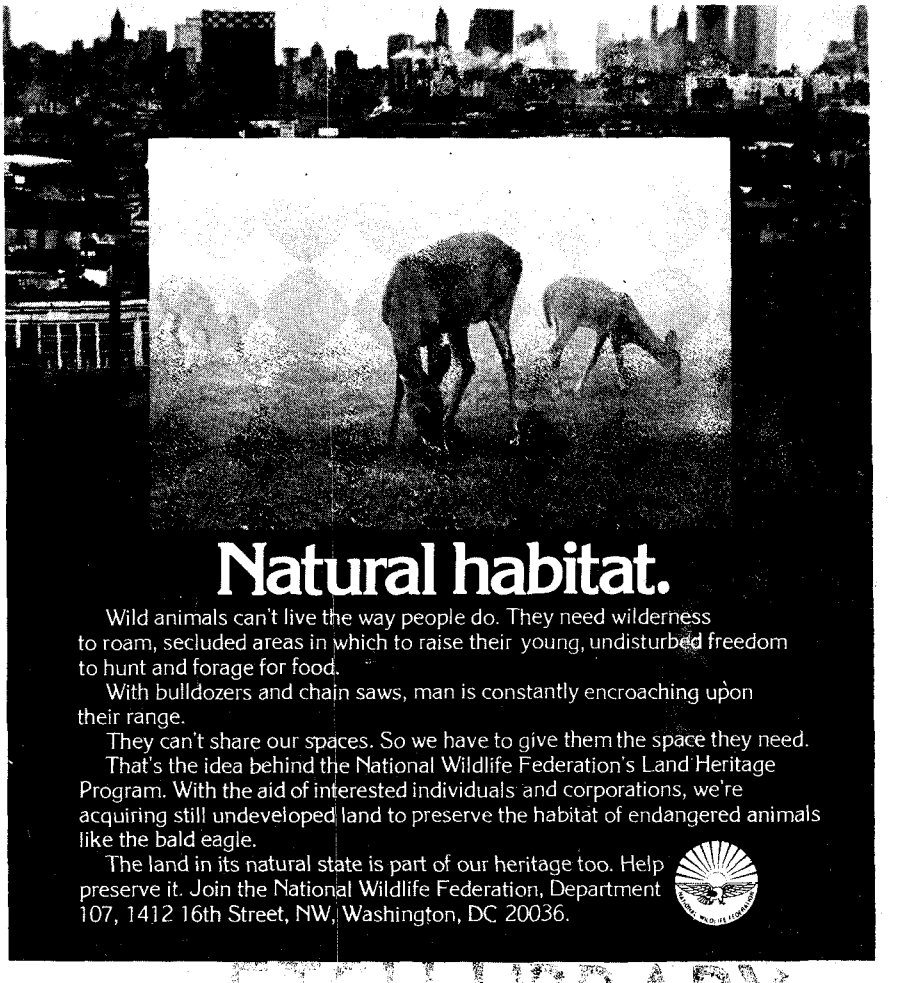
It is a thriller because Sweeney Todd, avenging himself on a lecherous, hypocritical, villainous judge and other official miscreants who have done him harsh injustice, returns to London from years of exile and incarceration in Australia and cuts the throats not only of the judge and his beadle but of almost every customer who enters his barber shop. Later he learns that the flesh of his victims can profitably be used by his mistress, Mrs. Lovett, to make meat dumplings. In the course of his bloody career, however, he also pitches Mrs. Lovett into a hot furnace. Others, too, and Sweeney himself, are finally murdered.

But the new *Sweeney Todd* is intended not merely as a horrendous tale but as a social satire—on an epic scale. The London of 19th-century industrialism is viewed here as a cesspool of fraud, callousness and corruption—presumably like our own city today. At the end of the show, the entire cast lines up and points viciously at the audience and (musically) roars "You are all Sweeney Todds!"

None of us, the accused, feels the least bit guilty. The opening night crowd was enraptured. It was especially ravished by a number—the most successful of the evening—in which Mrs. Lovett (Angela Lansbury) ticks off the various patty-cakes concocted from the remains of priests and other wicked bigwigs. On all sides I heard such exclamations as "Brilliant! Verdi! This is real American opera!" Most impressive and frightening.

Not frightening because of the brutality of the material. We do not blanch at it, we laugh. It is all treated as more or less a joke. And just as the funny stuff obviates or negates the putative content, so we find a similar discrepancy in nearly every aspect of the production.

Eugene Lee's setting is gigantic. (It must have cost $300,000.) It looks like a monster warehouse, an image of the murderousness of the machine age with its beggars, whores, drunks and derelicts lurking in the dark byways. The first impression is highly theatrical. But very little of the "scenery" is employed for the central situation. Most of the action takes place on a rather di-


Natural habitat.
Wild animals can't live the way people do. They need wilderness to roam, secluded areas in which to raise their young, undisturbed freedom to hunt and forage for food.
With bulldozers and chain saws, man is constantly encroaching upon their range.
They can't share our spaces. So we have to give them the space they need.
That's the idea behind the National Wildlife Federation's Land Heritage Program. With the aid of interested individuals and corporations, we're acquiring still undeveloped land to preserve the habitat of endangered animals like the bald eagle.
The land in its natural state is part of our heritage too. Help preserve it. Join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 107, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

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minutive set piece which is repeatedly pushed around by costumed stagehands (or "extras") in order for the principals to play the crucial scenes.

As always, Sondheim's lyrics are skillful, though, because alien here to his native vein, they are not as telling as those of his prize-winning *Company* with its lighter tone of cafe society cynicism. *Sweeney Todd*'s music still has some of the quick and nervous beat we associate with Sondheim's manner. On the sentimental side, it is lesser Bernstein, but on the whole, it is impoverished in melody and its orchestration by Jonathan Tunick is pretentiously operatic.

Len Cariou, as Sweeney, sings well and is always verbally intelligible. This is also true of the handsome Victor Garber who bears the male burden of the "love interest." Angela Lansbury, a favorite actress, finds the tempo of certain numbers too fast to articulate all the words clearly, while others are obstructed by too heavy a Cockney accent.

The question remains: is the sum of the parts greater or less than the whole? It will be debated for some time. The show's main virtue is that it can be judged as "different." But for so much metal, lumber, sundry paraphernalia, trick props as well as a stylistically anomalous painted backdrop of other factories, the entire production possesses very little substance. The satiric point is not pungent, the terror not scary, the comedy rather ugly, the texture dense without expressing anything but cleverness.

What's wrong with Sherman Yellen's *Strangers* (John Golden Theatre)? I ask this neither to damn nor to praise it but to suggest that it might please a sizable audience if it can survive *The New York Times*'s harsh review. It is an account of Sinclair Lewis's troubled marriage to Dorothy Thompson.

Plays about familiar public figures of recent date, as well as those about the giants of history and the arts, rarely make for sound drama. Despite this, *Strangers* has the ingredients at least of a good show. The ostensible theme is the hazard of marriage between people each one of whom is passionately committed to a profession. In this case, one of these people is the first American novelist to win the Nobel Prize, the other a nationally popular and sometimes controversial political reporter-columnist and radio personality. But Lewis, apart from his position in our literature, is a complex and in several respects a typically educated, widely successful American.

I discount the fact that I knew Lewis. I became acquainted with him after his divorce from Miss Thompson, and then he was a gentle and socially agreeable man. In the play, we see him tormented by self-doubt and a pathetic need for reassuring love (due presumably to his father's conventionally *Main Street* disdain) and a fear that he is incapable of love. These traits may be factually exact and are certainly the stuff from which an interesting dramatic portrait might be wrought.

Why, with all these assets, does the play, acceptable enough as easy "reading," fail to impinge on our sensibilities? The answer is that it is written with that lacquered "literacy" (with condiments of cafe society epigrams) which we find in much of our best-selling fiction, in certain high-toned Hollywood films and TV "specials." It acts as a kind of veneer which either conceals true feeling or disguises its absence.

David Jenkins's settings with rapid changes from cities in Europe—Berlin, Vienna, Moscow—to a farm residence in Vermont, are on the whole ingeniously managed. Bruce Dern, who looks a lot like Lewis, acts most convincingly. Lois Nettleton, an engaging actress, doesn't look like Dorothy Thompson, who was possessed of a body and stance Junoesque enough to intimidate much stronger men than Lewis, and lacks the grit and command which such a character must have to give the play its counterforce. This may not be wholly a matter of miscasting; the role is written much more sentimentally than is compatible with the conflict the playwright has set up. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Baker's Dozen is the perfect one. *Chapters and Verses*, the sprawling one. *Three Dances From the Film Hair* is the great come-on. *1903* is the personal one. *Baker's Dozen* gathers in, consolidates and polishes. *Chapters and Verses* throws ideas to the winds. *1903* tries things on for size. The previews of *Hair* are shrewdly functional. Collected on one program, as they were on two occasions during Twyla Tharp's recent season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, these dances provide a Baedeker guide to the materials of choreography—its energies, intentions and nourishments. They show an already distinguished choreographer perfecting with her left hand and bounding out for new territory with her right. All new works, they have the vigor of fresh ink. Perhaps they serve to galvanize the scattered energy of young dance makers; they certainly place Tharp at the fulcrum of that energy. If it is easy to quibble about this and that moment from this and that dance—I, for one, couldn't warm up to *1903* at all—it was impossible to resist being knocked out by the program's sense of abundance.

Baker's Dozen, to Willie Smith songs, is obviously the great dance of this collection, to be catalogued alongside *Country Dances/Cacklin' Hen* and *As Time Goes By*. Its density of steps and the extraordinary wit with which Tharp extends, inverts and somersaults them, live in perfect equilibrium with the dance's overall structure, which is simple and clear. While your eyeballs are popping from the explosions of jokes happening in all corners of the stage and your heart is galloping to absorb abstracted and intensified tango rhythms, which are pretty erratic to begin with, at least your brain knows whence the dance is coming and where it is moving. It gathers force, fructifies, and then winds down into an especially lambent curtain line. It is eminently satisfying, if exhausting.

Chapters and Verses is not so exquisitely turned but in the marvelous excess of its content and form it captures, more than the perfect, self-contained world of *Baker's Dozen*, the spirit and significance of the Tharp season. It is an extract, as Tharp writes in program notes, published in advance of the completed novel. Besides presenting itself in a rough context, it seems to be calculatedly imperfect. It is about the wonderful mess of adolescence. Embodying that world, *Chapters and Verses* throws its weight around in gross overstatement. Its humor is boisterous, silly and sometimes out of bounds. Its iconography is freewheeling and extravagant, a big jumble of realistic props, mimicry and metaphor. Its structure is rather like a picaresque novel in which cameo scenes of typical situations will eventually congeal into everyone's autobiography. One such situation is gym class, which Tharp calls "Calisthenics." The sergeant bellows orders; the students mutter obscenities and call one another nerd. The girl in the group has to pee, so she does her exercises knock-kneed. Another one is a terrible whiner, and even though Tharp casts this type as a boy, those in the audience who are willing to go whole-hog with Tharp's scatological impulses know that "he" is

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he one for whom gym class brings on nenses.

Now we zoom to another arena of disorderly conduct, the schoolyard. It pills over with chaotic energy, tangled groupings. A fight is brewing; a tough guy, this time a girl, tries to organize something: peace or war, we don't know. Then a car cruises on (yes, a real one), vacuums up the elbows and knees and hunched shoulders and exits as a slapdash bouquet of weeds. Next, the "Mickey Mouse Club March Theme" pipes up, and we return to the absurd law and order of the gym. Christine Uchida keeps the beat by hurling herself at the mouseketeers, and you begin to understand (or remember) that children's love of regimented aggression is just what Walt Disney was appealing to. But when the whiner from the gym class (William Whitener) does a very precious solo to the song's mournful sign-off, you understand (or remember) how its slightly faggy undertones could make the Mickey Mouse business a stealing in-joke for all Disneyites. The last laugh's on clean Walt, and don't the teen-agers know it. In the final segment, Sara Rudner walks on with a transistor radio cupped to her ear. Tenderly, she holds it. Tentatively, she offers it to passers-by. The stage fills with a big ensemble dance (the only dance proper in the work), its rhythms attenuated and dragged down by the insistent pounding of a John Simon song. Rudner wanders around, making pleasantries to no avail. And all of a sudden you know why it is that, in the transition from scrappy childhood to mopey, moon-struck adolescence, some kids have to take refuge in the portable radio.

Chapters and Verses is uneven in quality, yet its qualitative zigzags end up as one more conduit into the ballet's daredevil course. Never have I seen anarchy so fully embodied, or the betes noires of American life so wholeheartedly endorsed or sympathetically examined. It is a truly radical work in its attitudes. Its prepublication status bespeaks a generosity on Tharp's part for allowing us to see a genuine work-in-progress, and when it's all in it might be a radical ballet in many other ways as well. In the meantime, merely for its explanation of the transistor radio phenomenon, one must be beholden to it.□

NETTING

My father would have saved us, had the occasion of fire arisen.
Sundays, each at our post,
we practiced—
his fine network of hoses lacing into perfect

webs. So much water,
and each of us a knot we felt so safe in manning.
I never really understood the underpinnings, miraculous nation
beneath the smooth lawn—

a private patriotism.
Nothing again was ever as dangerous, as vulnerable. I know of father
less than I imagine, but in the end
all that we can know of anyone

is what we promised them. I know, therefore,
that fire is something we can catch, unwittingly, like cold,
and that these tiny paths
woven round and round our property like a spare set of roots

is what we really are—a shadow map, a future kept alive by
met commitments.
And at those junctions, the world seems as private as public,
a well-kept secret

kept by all. Just as, deep in a cave, life can survive
only because of forms of life outside that will persist
in entering. So . . .
water to save us, and

profound curiosity—casting and trawling and building a surface
able to truly hold us,
like gossip, or the smell of lilacs, or an overheard song: soon
everyone has caught it.

Jorie Graham

INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

The voice is that of an old man but it is gnarled-strong and the pulse is so firm and clear that the absence of any instrumental accompaniment is soon forgotten, for he and his singing companion fill the room by themselves. The other voice, female, is younger, bracing and sometimes as penetrating as an icy wind. Their album (on June Appal Recordings) is *Passing Thru the Garden*.

Nimrod Workman was born on November 5, 1895 in Martin County, Kentucky, and grew up with the long-transplanted Scotch-English music that accounts for his familiarity with Child Ballads. He also worked in the mines for forty-two years, which accounts for his knowledge of bitter union organizing songs. The voice intertwining with his is that of Phyllis Workman Boyens, the next-to-the-youngest of the eleven children that Workman and his wife, Mollie, raised. Phyllis remembers being rocked to sleep in his arms as he sang the old ballads.

The album, which comes with a booklet including Nimrod's reminiscences and the lyrics of all the songs, is further evidence of the stubborn survival of folk traditions, despite Fred Silverman and the publishers of the new *Look* and *Life*. Such non-prime-time songs, for instance, as "Oh Death" ("oh death, please spare me for another year"). Hearing Phyllis Boyens keening, and then turning into a lash as she takes the form of death "come to take the skin right off the frame," powerfully concentrates the mind.

Grim, in a life-set way, is Nimrod's song, "Forty-Two Years": "a mighty long time to labor and toil down in a coal mine." Sparely autobiographical, it tells of how his lungs gave out and when he went to a company doctor, how Nimrod was assured that all those years underground had had nothing to do with his present unfortunate condition.

Nimrod remembers Mary Jones (Mother Jones) when she was 91 and still trying to organize the mines. "Gray hair hanging down her back, could cuss like a man. She was a hero woman." Heroes were needed. When he started in

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the mines, at 14, the pay was "50 cents a day, for as long a day as it took to do the job." Nimrod still recalls the murder of a striker by company thugs: "His wife beat her umbrella out over their heads fighting for him. His wife was a blonde-headed woman . . . standing right with him fighting." Their last moment in history.

Still, Nimrod was among those who kept organizing, and when they all won, they got Tony Boyle. So Nimrod worked for Jock Yablonski, and spoke at the insurgents' last rally before Yablonski was murdered. Then he supported Arnold Miller and now figures it's time to regenerate the union again.

Clearly, the man will not be worn down. Maybe because of his earned sense of history and the turns it takes; and maybe because of the sustenance he gets from the music that endures as long as it keeps being nourished. He sings the ancient tale of Lord Daniel, which he learned as a boy from a 90-year-old loner. And as he does, it's as if Matthy [*sic*] Groves had been caught in bed with Lord Daniel's wife just the other day, nearby in West Virginia.

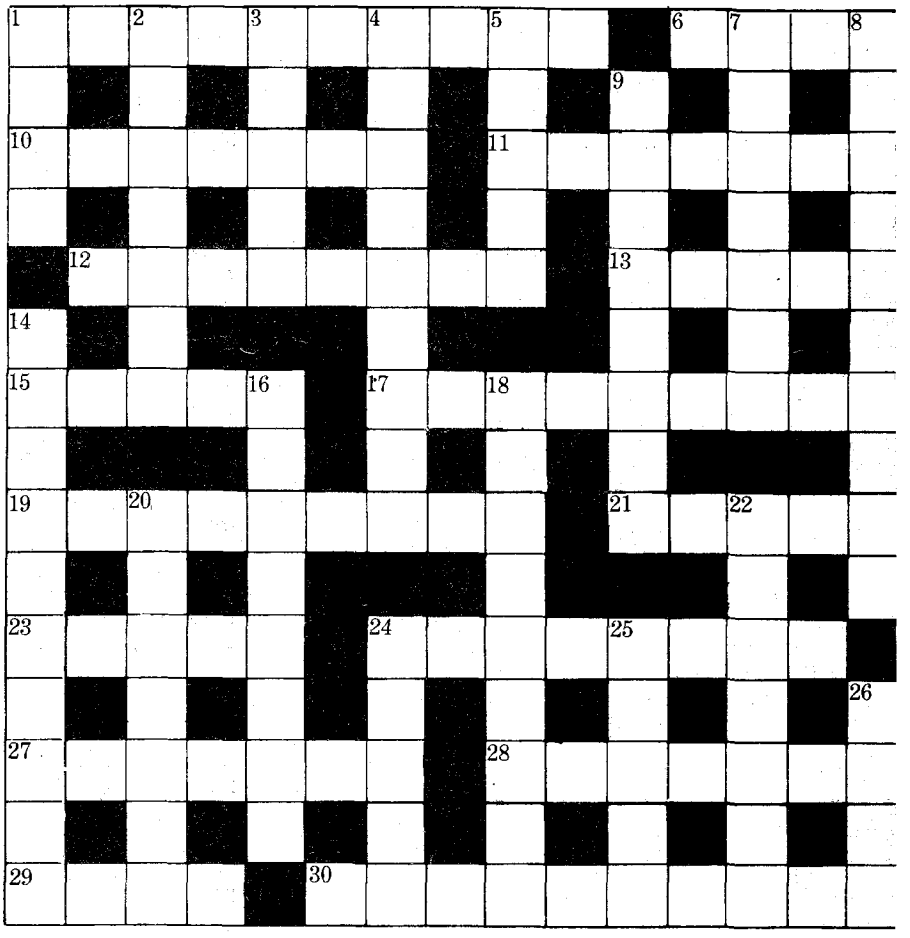
Phyllis Workman Boyens also is far from culturally deprived. In addition to the songs she learned from her father and mother, she used to spend three or four days at a time visiting Nimrod's father in his small cabin in Painter Lick, Ky. Before he died at 104, that oral historian had taught her many of the songs that had been part of his life. She also has resounding roots in the Baptist Church where she started singing at 4, and her powerful ease in gospel music is evident in *Passing Thru the Garden*.

Now this child of Nimrod Workman is going to bring her reverberating presence to the movies, having been signed to play Loretta Lynn's mother in that home-grown country singer's autobiography, *Coal Miner's Daughter*. And Nimrod, a source in Appalachia tells me, is still going strong, still singing and otherwise keeping his music alive.

The album is available through June Appal Recordings, Box 743, 118 Main Street, Whitesburg, Ky. 41858 ($6 postpaid). The label is part of Appalshop, a nonprofit "media collective" which describes itself as being "committed to produce records of music and tales originating in Appalachia." I'd recommend your asking for a catalogue, for Nimrod Workman and Phyllis Boyens are hardly alone in nurturing the legacy of those lives and memories which stretch so far back and still have so much to tell. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1766

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 25 Moving stories, to say the least, about the Pilgrims. (10,5)
6 One might worship this backward town where Napoleon defeated the Austrians. (4)
10 Young actress—at least in older films. (7)
11 Poet's musical companion. (7)
12 In favor of foreign wine, a point being abandoned. (8)
13 Building material to take without authorization, one hears. (5)
15 The author Howard's times of no input. (5)
17 One sometimes asks for a little at the barber's. (3,3,3)
19 A place in New York evidently deserted by the singer. (3,6)
21 An artist of the hobo school. (5)
23 Straight build. (5)
24 One might confuse porn a lot where part of the force should be. (2,6)
27 Get too big for one's britches? (7)
28 Nymph of West Indian origin? (7)
29 You're certain to be this. (4)
30 He's confused about one of Hitler's groups, and falls still further around it. (Purchases might be a matter of habit here.) (5,5)

DOWN

1 and 14 Stop classical rescue at the pass, and certainly don't 8-26! (4,3,3,4)
2 One of those things that was shot fr pole to pole, in a passage well-known New Yorkers. (7)
3 Park is translated in two languages.
4 The one in India isn't what mode astronomers refer to. (5,4)
5 Mature, like a Rhode Island writer.
7 The way you talk! Being laid up, and forth is bad! (7)
8, 26 and 24 down That's one way to hou the enemy! (3,4,3,4,2,3)
9 Disrupt things, as a way to bring bohemians at first. (5,3)
14 See 1 down
16 The Air Defense didn't use them clean things up. (8)
18 The CIA type is confused with bits foam around, and little stains. (3-6)
20 In Germany it wasn't the comm voting type. (7)
22 No. 8 on some charts. (7)
24 See 8 down
25 See 1 across
26 See 8 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1765

ACROSS: 1 Antelope; 5 Slip-up; 10 Chro ic; 11 Regnant; 12 Radii; 13 In between; and 27 Electorate; 19 Shoehill; 22 Obe 24 Shortages; 26 Clout; 28 In irons; Overage; 30 Gun-shy 31 Reckless. DOW 1 Accorded; 2 Tired; 3 and 25 Long in t tooth; 4 Puccini; 6 and 16 Light industry; Plane tree; 8 and 18 Patent leathers; Probed: 15 Ethiopian; 17 Spot-check; Ingest; 21 Lissome; 23 Asking.

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